



THE LEADER AND SATURDAY ANALYST;

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Crystal Palace.—Arrange-

ments for week ending Saturday, March 3rd.
MONDAY. Open at 9.
TUESDAY TO FRIDAY. Open at 10. Admission One Shilling; Children under 15, Sixpence.
Orchestral Band, Great Organ, and Pianoforte performances daily. The Picture Gallery is open.
SATURDAY. Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Admission by Season Tickets—Half-a-Guinea each, or on payment of Half-a-Crown: Children, One Shilling; Reserved Seats, Half-a-Crown extra.
SUNDAY. Open at 1:30 to Shareholders, gratuitously, by tickets.

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61, Gresham House, Old Broad Street.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham was established for the purpose of providing on a large scale the means of Intellectual Improvement and Physical Recreation for all classes of the Community. In this respect the experiment has been so successful that, although situated on the Southern side of the Thames, at a distance of about eight miles, by Railway, from London Bridge, and consequently difficult of access to the immense majority of the Metropolitan population, it appears by the last Report that 1,384,163 persons visited it during the twelve months ending 31st October, 1859, and the net profit realised during the same period amounted to £45,315 10s. 9d., equivalent to 7½ per cent. on the Capital of this Company, viz. £600,000.

The Palace of the People at Muswell Hill will be readily accessible to the vast population on the Northern side of the River, numbering more than a million and a half of persons, who will not be subject to the inconvenience of being obliged to pass through the crowded streets of London. No institution of a similar character exists in this quarter; and it is a remarkable fact that this populous and wealthy district is entirely destitute of any great centre of attraction, where the improvement and recreation of the masses can be combined.

The Site selected for the Palace of the People possesses peculiar advantages for the erection of a building devoted to General Instruction and Amusement. It is on the line of the Great Northern Railway, within a quarter of an hour's journey from King's Cross, and from its elevated position it commands extensive and beautiful views in all directions. The Palace will occupy nearly the centre of a circle, including within a radius of six miles, Hornsey, Colney Hatch, Highgate, Kentish Town, Hampstead, Hendon, Finchley, Tottenham, Barnet, East Barnet, Southgate, Edmonton, Enfield, Stoke Newington, Tottenham, Clapton,

Homerton, Hackney, Kingland, Stamford Hill, Finsbury, Islington, Highbury, Holloway, Camden Town, Hyde Park, the Regents Park, Maids Hill, St. John's Wood, Westbourne Terrace, Paddington, and Bayswater. From many of these places it will be within an easy walk, and from all the others it will be within a short drive by Omnibus or Carriage.

Passengers arriving by the London and North Western, Midland, Great Western, and Eastern Counties Railways, will reach the Palace without traversing the streets of London, and the trains of the Blackwall, North London, and Metropolitan Railways will convey visitors every quarter of an hour from Fenchurch Street, Farringdon Street, Paddington, and the intermediate stations. The works on the Metropolitan Railway are already commenced, and it is expected to be completed before the opening of the Palace.

The Estate which has been secured for the purposes of the Company consists in the whole of about 450 acres of the finest land in the county of Middlesex, well supplied with water, thoroughly drained, and interspersed with ornamental timber. It is intended to appropriate 150 acres to the special use of the Palace and grounds. A reserve of thirty acres will be made in favour of Benevolent Institutions, connected with Art, Science, Literature, Music, Horticulture, and the Railway interest. The remainder of the Estate (about 270 acres) is admirably adapted for the erection of Suburban Villas.

It is impossible to estimate the value which this surplus land will ultimately realise, in consequence of the construction of the Palace and of the Branch Railway running through it, whereby direct access will be secured to the heart of London, over the Great Northern and Metropolitan Lines.

The Palace of the People is projected in no spirit of opposition to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Experience has proved that fair competition is favourable to all sound enterprises, and although the range of local visitors which the situation of the Palace of the People must command would seem to be of itself sufficient to ensure success, the general public may expect to derive advantage from the stimulus which each undertaking will receive from the efforts of the other.

In designing the Palace of the People, the Architect, Mr. Owen Jones, has endeavoured to secure some important additional attractions over its predecessors in Hyde Park and at Sydenham, combined with a considerable saving in expense.

A large Dome, visible from all parts of the building, will contain a Winter Garden, in which a proper heat will be maintained, without inconvenience, or injury to the rest of the Palace. Semicircular Colonnades at each end of the nave, will be devoted to Refreshment Courts.

A spacious Concert Room, or Lecture Theatre, surrounded by corridors, projects from the centre of the building on the north side. This Theatre will contain many thousand persons comfortably, and the corridors will enable them to take their seats, and to disperse with facility. Beneath the platform on which the Concert Room stands, is the Railway Station, where passengers will at once enter the building, under cover, without the fatigue of a long ascent. Visitors by carriages and on horseback will alight under a glazed corridor.

In arranging the plan of the Grounds, Mr. John Spencer, of Bowood, has endeavoured not only to make them objects of beauty and interest, but to furnish instructive examples of Gardening.

Ample space is provided for out-door amusements, including Archery, Cricket, and Riding; and, by means of a carriage drive, which will be carried round the grounds, invalids and equestrians will be able to witness these sports, and to enjoy the beauties of the scenery without alighting.

A distinctive feature of the Palace of the People will be the endeavour to render the resources of the Institution subservient to the cause of Popular Education. English History, Geography, Astronomy, Geology, Mineralogy, and Mining, will be illustrated in a systematic manner; and Horticulture, Economic Botany, and Ornamental Planting, will be practically taught and illustrated on an extensive scale.

Provision will be made for a Fund to be applied to the promotion of this object by means of Lectures, Prizes, and otherwise; the control and disposition of which will be confided to a body of distinguished men, who will preside over the Educational Department. The Right Hon. Lord Brougham has kindly consented to accept the office of President of this Council.

Special advantages will be offered to Colleges, Schools, and Mechanics Institutes, throughout the kingdom; and Meetings of such bodies as may become

permanently associated with the undertaking will be held in the Palace at convenient periods.

An agreement will be entered into with the Great Northern Railway Company for the working of the Railway to and from the Palace, on terms of mutual advantage, and such as will ensure ample accommodation to visitors.

The Financial Arrangements are as follows:—The Shares will be of the value of £10 each, and the liability of each Shareholder is limited to the amount of his holding. £3 10s. per Share will be payable on allotment. Three instalments of £2 10s. each will be payable on 30th June, 1860, 31st December, 1860, and 30th June, 1861, respectively.

Every original subscriber for not less than Ten Shares will be entitled to receive a Free Ticket, giving admission to the Palace and Grounds for a period of Ten years after the opening, in addition to Dividends.

Taking as a basis of calculation the ascertained results at the Crystal Palace, and applying these results to the proposed undertaking, with the additional attractions, and facilities of access above referred to, and regard being had to the greatly reduced amount of Capital required, a handsome return on the Shares may be confidently reckoned upon.

Applications for Shares may be addressed, in the annexed form, to the Directors, at the Office of the Company, No. 61, Gresham House, Old Broad Street, City.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of "The Great Northern Palace Company, Limited.

Gentlemen,—I hereby request that you will allot me—Shares of £10 each, in "The Great Northern Palace Company, Limited," and I hereby agree to accept such Shares, or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, and to pay the deposit of Two Pounds Ten Shillings per Share on the Shares allotted. I am, Gentlemen,

Name in full

Address in full

Date

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* Every description of Life Assurance business transacted. EDWARD S. BARNES, Secretary.

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Prize-holders select from the Public Exhibitions. Every Subscriber has a chance of a valuable Prize, and, in addition, receives a Volume of Thirty Engravings by W. J. Linton, from celebrated Pictures by British Artists, together with an impression of a plate by F. Holl, after J. J. Jenkins, entitled "COME ALONG," now ready for delivery.
GEORGE GODWIN, } Hon. Secs.
LEWIS POCOCK, }
444, West Strand, February.

Oporto. — An old bottled

PORT of high character, 48s. per dozen cash. This genuine wine will be much approved.—HENRY BRETT & CO., Importers, Old Fumival's Distillery, Holborn, E.C.

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Pale Brandy, though only 16s. per gallon, is demonstrated, upon analysis, to be peculiarly free from acidity, and very superior to recent importations of veritable Cognac. In French bottles, 84s. per dozen or securely packed in a case for the country, 35s.

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Spiced Breakfast Tongues,

74d. each, or 3s. 6d. per half dozen. Cheddar Loaf Cheese, 61d. and 74d. per lb. Osborne's Peas-smoked Breast Bacon, 8d. per lb. by the half side. Butters in perfection at reasonable rates. A saving of 15 p. cent. is effected by the purchaser at this establishment on all first-class provisions. Packages gratis. OSBORNE'S CHEESE WAREHOUSE, OSBORNE HOUSE, 30, Ludgate-hill, near St. Paul's, E.C.

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KEEP YOUR PREMISES FREE FROM MICE AND SPARROWS.

Barber's Poisoned Wheat

Kills Mice and Sparrows on the spot. In 1d., 2d., 4d., and 8d. packets, with directions and testimonials. No risk or damage in laying this Wheat about. From a single packet hundreds of mice and sparrows are found dead.—Agents: Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street; W. Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; B. Yates and Co., 25, Budge-row, London; and sold by all Druggists, Grocers, &c., throughout the United Kingdom.—Barber's Poisoned Wheat Works, Ipswich. Removed from Eye, Suffolk.

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His premises having been recently enlarged, and his Stock greatly increased, J. Bennett offers the full reduction off the largest possible selection.

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Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON.

The new Grand Opera, "Lurline," Music by W. Vincent Wallace, having been received with enthusiastic demonstrations, will be repeated every evening until the termination of the Royal English Opera season in March.

TENTH WEEK OF THE GREAT PANTOMIME OF "PUSS IN BOOTS."

Monday, February 27th, and during the week, with new Scenery by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, a Grand Legendary Opera, by W. Vincent Wallace.

LURLINE.

Count Rudolph, Mr. W. Harrison; Rhineberg, Mr. Santley; Baron, Mr. G. Honey; Zelikka Gnome, Mr. H. Corri; Wilhelm, Mr. Lyall; Ghiva, Miss Pilling; Liba, Miss F. Cruise; Lurline, Miss Louisa Pyne. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

To conclude with the popular Pantomime of

PUSS IN BOOTS.

Messrs. W. H. Payne, H. Payne, F. Payne, Barnes, Talliens, Miss Morgan, and Infants; Laus; French Dancers, Madles, Lequine, Pasquale, Pierron, and Mons. Vandriss. Commence at 7.

Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Murray.

No charge for booking, or fees to box-keepers.

Stalls, 7s.; Private Boxes, to hold four persons, from 10s. 6d. upwards; Dress Circle, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 1s.

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After which, the new Extravaganza, by Robert B. Brough, entitled, *ALFRED THE GREAT*. Characters by Messrs. Robson, H. Wigan, G. Cooke, F. Vining, F. Charles, H. Cooper, H. Palmer, and Franks; Misses Nelson, Herbert, Cottrell, Mesdames Stephens, and W. S. Emden.

To conclude with *THE CLOCKMAKER'S HAT*. Characters by Messrs. G. Cooke, F. Charles, H. Cooper; Mesdames Herbert, Stephens, and W. S. Emden.

Doors open at 7. Commence at half-past 7.

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On Monday, and during the week, the new and successful Drama, called *A TALE OF TWO CITIES*, by Tom Taylor, Esq., from the story of that name by Charles Dickens, Esq. Principal characters by Messrs. James Vining, Walter Lacy, Villiers, Rowe, Forester, J. Johnston, F. Lyon, Morton, Palmer, White, H. Butler, Gifford, and Frederick; Misses Kate Saville, Stuart, Turner, Mrs. Campbell, and Madame CELESTE.

After which the New Grand Christmas Extravaganza entitled, *KING THURSBARD, THE LITTLE PET AND THE GREAT PARSON*; in which is presented one of the most novel, costly, and magnificent effects ever witnessed. Designed and Painted by Mr. William Calcott. King Thurbard, Miss Julia St. George.

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HERR BECKES, Sig. PIATTI, Mr. WINN, MISS SUSANNAH COLE, and Mademoiselle PAREFA will appear at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall, on Monday Evening next, February 27th, on which occasion the Programme will be selected from the works of Italian Composers.

Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Sofa Stalls 5s.; Balcony 3s.; Unreserved Seats 1s. Tickets may be obtained at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond-street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheap-side; Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; and at the Hall.

POLYGRAPHIC HALL, KING WILLIAM-STREET, STRAND.

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The Public are most respectfully informed that they will commence their

FAREWELL SEASON,

in London (previous to their departure for America), on MONDAY, February 27th, 1860.

Reserved Seats, 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Back Seats, 1s.; Private Boxes, holding six persons, £1 1s.

Tickets and Places may be secured at Mr. Austin's West-end Box-office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. The First Grand Morning Performance will take place on Saturday, March 3rd, at Three o'clock.

Secretary, H. MONTAGUE.

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Wild Sports in the United

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Allsopp's Pale Ale.—Re-

commended by Baron Liebig, and all the Faculty.

In the finest condition, direct from the New Brewery

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supply Allsopp's Ales in casks of eighteen gallons and

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THE BATTLE OF THE BUDGET.

WHEN a great Blunder is to be spoken of, it is sometimes hard to avoid the language of blundering. It is thus that we feel ourselves half inclined to say that the Battle of the Budget has been lost before it has been begun. The Opposition had, a week ago, a great game in their hands, and they seem not only to have been aware of it, but to have taken suitable means for endeavouring to win it. Assembled in council by their astute and adroit chief, they had agreed to go in for the spoiling of the Budget, not for its rejection. They knew that their time was not come, had they been strong enough in the present Parliament, for snatching the tools of taxation out of their rivals' hands, and again setting up in business as Queen's *Pinchers* in the old Downing Street shop. Their aim must rather be, while making a great show of strength at the outset, to create the impression that they could, if they would, be exceedingly formidable, and thus lay the grounds for bullying their antagonists into all manner of concessions and compromises of detail. This policy was calculated to evoke the greatest possible amount of sectional discontent, and to encourage the greatest possible amount of sectional resistance.

Were Mr. DU CANE's Grand Introductory Flourish Amendment carried by a mere handful of votes, every class interest whose gouty toes had been trodden upon by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, would flourish its threatening crutch, and set about seriously trying, whether it could not poke or palaver a majority to vote in its favour, when the resolution affecting it specially was submitted to the House. Where so many vested interests declared themselves aggrieved, and where such an obvious party gain would ensure the attendance of members generally, it would be strange if some blots were not hit. Lord DERBY, like an experienced gamester, saw the moment the cards were dealt that he could not win the rubber; but he led in a way calculated to show his partner how they might save several tricks, if they could not prevent their opponents marking honours. What must have been his dismay at finding that partner in the very first round, play a wrong card, and thus throw away the lead! Practically, the effect of Mr. DISRAELI's absurd amendment of Monday night has been to spoil the Opposition's chance of doing anything effectual in the campaign before Easter. Illogical though the conclusion may be, the undiscerning public infers from the majority of sixty-three Mr. GLADSTONE obtained at starting, that all opposition, at least on matters of moment, is fruitless. In vain Sir JOHN PAKINGTON tried the next day to re-enlist the mutinous hop-growers in the common cause of indiscriminate opposition to the Budget. That fatal number, "sixty-three," rang in their Kentish ears, and warned them not to identify themselves with allies who had shown that they had not the sense to discern how to serve them. In vain Mr. BOHN endeavoured to persuade the Society for the Abolition of the Paper Duty not to be satisfied without obtaining a free export of raw material from foreign states; the paper makers believe that Mr. GLADSTONE can just now do as he likes with them, and therefore they are his very obedient humble admirers, even to the extent of praising his fancy sketch of village mills. In vain Mr. DU CANE exerted himself beyond even the point of extravagance which he finds successful in Essex, and strove by frantic gestures and frowns à la BRUTUS burlesqued, to daunt the ministerial spirit, and re-kindle hope and courage in the gentlemen around him. Neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor any of his subordinates (for he is now the virtual leader of the Whigs in the Lower House), condescended even to notice Mr. DU CANE's theatric rage, or to gather his odds and ends of argument into a ball, for the purpose of flinging it back to him. The steam had been let off so effectually before the controversy had fairly begun, that nothing seemed capable of restoring animation or vigour to it; and but for one or two speeches on either side, it must be pronounced wholly unworthy of the occasion.

Although the party interest of the struggle be at an end, there remain, however, many serious points of importance, well worthy of deliberate discussion. Once the Commercial Treaty with France comes to be regarded as *un fait accompli*, people will begin to scrutinize more closely the details of its workmanship. Some of these, if we are not much mistaken, will hardly realize the inordinate praise bestowed upon them. A great mistake is said to have been committed by our negotiators, when they consented to the substitution of an *ad valorem* duty of 30 per cent. on British yarns imported into France, for the duty now levied by weight. Under the present system, a bale of yarn, fine enough to supply the makers of cambric or lace with the material they need for their costly and delicate fabrics, pays no more duty at Havre or Calais, than a bale of the coarsest thread. The consequence is that in proportion to their fineness and value, British yarns find the

way into France, while the more bulky descriptions are practically excluded. A blind average seems to have been taken of the various rates of duty now exacted from the importers of yarn into France, and the result is set down as somewhere about 25 per cent. This, then, is assumed as the fitting standard for the new *ad valorem* duty; but the result, it is to be feared, will be, that while the coarser yarns will be shut out as much as ever, the finer kinds will be subjected to a greatly enhanced duty. It will not diminish our regret should this prove to be the case, that, through the overreaching spirit of the French Government, and the too compliant disposition of our own, injury would be inflicted on the French manufacturer of lace and cambric as well as on the Irish and Scotch spinners of yarn. We, who are sincere free traders, can derive no satisfaction from mutuality of mischief, or reciprocity of harm; on the contrary, we are disposed to regard with redoubled regret every double disappointment that may arise from the present treaty. It is as regards France essentially an experimental one. Should it fail or seem to fail in any important particulars, opinion will retrograde on the other side of the Channel, on the subject of commercial competition, for many a day. Let not such an apprehension be deemed altogether illusory. Three-quarters of a century ago, a far greater and more generous movement in the direction of Free Trade was made by the Government of Louis XVI. The Commercial Treaty between France and England of 1786, was infinitely more fearless and confiding on the French side, than that now under consideration. Its general scope and tenor was the reciprocal admission of goods and merchandise, at *ad valorem* duties of 10 per cent. In the present treaty it is true indeed that we abandon all charge, even for revenue, on most of the articles of French manufacture, but France is to maintain protective duties on our manufactures, at first to the extent of 30 and eventually of 25 per cent.

We cannot help thinking that this is a worse bargain for both than that which was made by Mr. PITT and M. CALONNE in 1786. Perhaps the worst blot of all is that which, by establishing what is called the alcoholic test of duty in this country, on the importation of wine, goes directly to create *de novo* a differential duty in favour of French wines over those of other countries. There is but little alcohol appreciable in the produce of Provence or the Gironde, whereas there is a considerable quantity easily discoverable in the produce of Andalusia and Estramadura. It is rather too bad, that when we are called upon to make such sacrifices of revenue to prove our unflinching devotion to the theory of Free Trade, we should be asked to inaugurate furtively a pettifogging scale of new differential duties, to propitiate the humour of our exacting Imperial ally. If Parliament be wise it will insist ere it be too late on the correction of this and other errors.

ENGLISH PROPOSALS REGARDING ITALY.

GREAT praise has been lately bestowed on the despatches of Lord JOHN RUSSELL to our diplomatic agents abroad, and more especially on those contained in the volumes of correspondence recently laid before Parliament respecting the affairs of Italy. Our Foreign Secretary seems indeed to have lost no fair opportunity of energetically enforcing the faith as it is in Whig constitutionalism. As might have been expected, no doctrine can jar more thoroughly upon the ears of the Austrian Court and Cabinet. As high priests and grand inquisitors have ever been more intolerant of subtle heresy in distinguished members of the Church, than a philosophic denial of the very postulates of belief by those who are not of the sacred order, so despotic rulers are more incensed at any tampering with the foundations of authority on the part of monarchs or aristocratic ministers, than at the projects of republicans or the open threats of revolutionists. Count RECHBERG appears to have more than once lost all command over his temper, and all recollection of dignity, when forced to listen to a lecture on the superior merits of constitutional Government as administered in England, over the system established throughout the Austrian empire, and until lately prevalent in Italy. The question in dispute between the Cabinets of Vienna and London seems to have been mainly this, whether the new form of rule about to be established in the peninsula ought to rest upon legitimacy as its basis, or upon that species of general acquiescence in a compromise between privilege and right, which was sanctioned in England in 1688, and which the traditions of Woburn declared to be not only the best possible guarantee for good government, but the only one that can be relied on. Individually, Lord JOHN may entertain more liberal and comprehensive views as matter of speculation; but as a hereditary spokesman of his class, as the departmental mouthpiece of an oligarchic cabinet, and as the Foreign Secretary of a Court whose unconcealed sympathies are with the cause of

legitimacy in every country of Europe, he durst not depart in the least iota from the formula of freedom established here; nay more, he seems to think himself bound to discourage on all occasions every possible application of the life-giving principles of liberty, otherwise than in consonance with the notions prevalent at Windsor and Whitehall.

As long as Lord JOHN RUSSELL has to deal with the ministers of Austria and Naples, he is all for the expediency and necessity of popular sanction. But when he comes to talk to the envoy of the self-emancipated Tuscans, his tone is emphatically monarchical, not merely as advocating the superior advantages of royalty above republicanism, but specifically in favour of that dishonoured and repudiated royal house whose impudence and baseness the Tuscans bore too long. We have it upon the authority of Lord GRANVILLE, speaking in his place of leader of the House of Lords, that when the lamented Marquis LAJATICO was in this country last autumn, the Foreign Secretary repeatedly urged upon him the desirableness of the restoration of the House of HAPSBURG-LORRRAINE, concomitantly with the establishment in Tuscany of constitutional forms. In other words, the English revolutions of 1660 and 1688 were to be set up as models for imitation, no matter how repugnant to the circumstances of the case or the feelings of the people. The old delinquent prince was to be cashiered as CHARLES I. and JAMES II. had been; but his hopeful progeny was to be substituted in his stead, as CHARLES II. and Queens MARY and ANNE had been, for the sake of preserving the principle of legitimacy "with a difference." And this, no doubt, was thought a most skilful and adroit evasion of conflicting difficulties by the courtier colleagues of Lord JOHN. It equally distinguished the policy recommended by England from that of Austria, and that of France from that of M. CAVOUR and that of M. MAZZINI. Nobody could confound it with that of Vienna, for it proposed to stipulate as an essential condition upon the consent and act of the people; and nobody at the time was likely to confound it with the policy of the Tuileries, for no one then doubted that NAPOLEON III. affected only to threaten the Italians with the restoration of the Grand Duke, in order that they might, in preference, be forced to ask for a French prince as their sovereign. The obstinacy with which the French Emperor refused at that time to tolerate the idea of the annexation of Central Italy to Piedmont constituted an additional reason, perhaps, in the eyes of the English Cabinet, for this extraordinary recommendation; and now that that obstinacy seems to have yielded to the desire of securing Savoy, it is very possible that the two Governments may make up their minds to acquiesce in the decision to which the Tuscans and other Central Italians have come. M. MAZZINI himself concurs in the proposed annexation, because he has always advocated national unity as superior in importance to all other objects which his countrymen hailed: and the formation of a northern Italian kingdom, stretching from the Alps to Ravenna, would unquestionably be a great stride towards that consummation. But now that this point seems nearer to attainment, the English Government steps in anew with its unsought-for advice, and proposes to saddle the annexation with conditions respecting Rome and Venice, which the Italians are as unlikely to agree to as they were to concur in the recommendations conveyed through M. LAJATICO. Venice, it is proposed, shall be constitutionalized, and the Papal States are to have administrative reform: and as soon as these things have been done, all French and Austrian troops were to be withdrawn from Italy. But even were it our duty and our business to take diplomatic measures to prevent the union of the Venetians or the Romans with the rest of their countrymen, what is the value of so vague and ill-defined a plan? Who is to be the judge of the sufficiency of the reformatory measures in Venetia or the States of the Church, upon whose realization French and German garrisons are to be withdrawn beyond the Alps? Probably Lord JOHN RUSSELL himself is neither surprised nor disappointed at the indisposition shown at Berlin as well as at St. Petersburg and Vienna to enter into negotiations on such a basis. It is not the less to be regretted, in our opinion, that it should have been proposed. The duty of England is to recognise frankly and without reserve the sacred truth, that Italy was made for the Italians, and that they and no other people on earth have a right to bear rule therein. All attempts of foreign powers to fetter their free choice are alike unwise and wrong, and there is no respect in which at the present moment we should more signally thwart the national will, than by devising new lines of territorial demarcation between those parts of Italy which are in future to be Italian and those which are not.

THE HAPSBURG PLOT REVEALED.

THE "Correspondence on the Affairs of Italy," just laid before Parliament, may be viewed under two aspects, both of which are highly satisfactory, and ought to strengthen public

confidence in the present administration, and especially in Lord JOHN RUSSELL as Minister for Foreign Affairs. In the first place, it evinces an unprecedented frankness in giving so much important information at a time when it is capable of influencing the current of events, instead of following the vicious precedent of withholding it until it could do little more than gratify historical curiosity; and in the second place, it affords conclusive demonstration that, in the main, the Government has faithfully and assiduously represented the opinions of the people. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's despatches contrast most favourably with those of Lord MALMESBURY; instead of being verbose and windy efforts to conceal the cloven foot of absolutism, they are concise, clear, and business-like expressions of statesmanlike forethought and liberal policy. It is moreover impossible to read them in connection with the details afforded in other documents, without being impressed with the conviction that the British Government has exercised a most beneficial influence upon the conduct of France, and the prospects of freedom and independence in Italy.

It is satisfactory to us to find confirmation of every important statement which we have made upon Italian affairs, and especially of our continued assertions—put forward at a time when most of our contemporaries took opposite views—that if England did her duty the French Government would be encouraged, and enabled to do more for Italy than the unfortunate Villafranca preliminaries would lead any one to suspect. The reason for the sudden and unsatisfactory peace is partly explained. The French Emperor found victory costly, and was alarmed at the expense by which further triumphs could be secured, and at the same time his adversary was frightened at the prodigious outlay, which only led to defeat. Accordingly the two combatants patched up a truce, which they misnamed a peace, and each one avoided explicit engagements upon the most difficult points of the Italian question. They arranged a suspension of hostilities, and then, like two Imperial MICAWBERS, waited for "something to turn up." Lord JOHN RUSSELL at once saw the uncertainty and hollowness of the arrangement, and continued to put a series of shrewd, pertinent questions, as to what its clauses meant, and how they were to be worked out. From first to last he boldly and steadily maintained the right of the Italians to choose their own rulers, and protested against any employment of force to obtain the restoration of the dismissed and runaway potentates. He was equally explicit as to the danger of any Italian confederation of which Austria formed a part, and very successful in gradually approximating the policy of the Tuileries to his own. Upon the question of the Congress he was likewise able and firm—always ready to enter into it, provided just principles were previously recognised, but determined neither to compromise the dignity of England nor endanger the rights of Italy. This conduct, although it may have placed momentary difficulties in the way of the French Government, steadily led to mutual respect and agreement, and was invaluable in checking the designs of the contemptible and unprincipled Government of Austria. It is a matter of regret to those who, like ourselves, wish well to Germany, and desire to see her united, and occupying an honourable position in Europe, that her leading power, Prussia, should, as usual, have failed alike in dignity and in duty. Instead of supporting England in maintaining the broad principles of liberty, her Government refused to recognise the rights of the Italians to rally round the King of Sardinia and found a strong and free kingdom of Northern and Central Italy; and they wished to leave the question of whether or not force should be employed to restore the Dukes, to be deliberated by the assembled Powers. The Prussian Court seems incapable of learning the plain fact, that a Government only invites respect in proportion as it represents enlightened ideas; and that a halting, shuffling policy, compounded of reactionary formulas and a pretence of civilization, is utterly inconsistent with pretensions to lead a numerous and cultivated race.

Upon the conduct and intentions of Austria, the "Correspondence" is exceedingly instructive; and it is clear that from the moment the two Emperors patched up their quarrel, the statesmen of Sardinia could only, in the language of Sir JAMES HUDSON, consider "that peace upon those bases cannot be other than precarious, and that it adds to the old grievances of Italy the new one of deluded hope." There is evidence that the Emperor of the French was fully conscious of this fact; and hence, although he adhered in words to the Villafranca preliminaries, he appears to have endeavoured to lead Austria to a more liberal and satisfactory solution of the difficulty, but, of course, without the slightest effect. In these efforts France attempted to secure an Italian administration for Venetia, and an undertaking from Austria not to employ force to effect the restoration of the Dukes. The first completely failed, and the second object only succeeded to the extent of obtaining some intimation that Austria was afraid of an immediate renewal of war, but that her

schemes were only postponed, and by no means abandoned. In a letter to Lord COWLEY, dated 16th August, 1859, Lord JOHN RUSSELL observed, "Neither the safety nor the paramount interests of Austria are menaced by the choice of a new dynasty to rule over Tuscany. On the contrary, the restoration of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, or the Duke of Modena, by foreign forces, would be a return to that system of foreign interference which for upwards of forty years has been the misfortune of Italy and the danger of Europe." These views were communicated to the Austrian Government; and in a letter to Mr. FANE at Vienna (dated 24th August, 1859), Lord JOHN RUSSELL thus alluded to the defects of the Zurich treaty: "The difficulties arising out of that treaty appear to HER MAJESTY'S Government so grave that they cannot well understand the slight attention they seem to receive from the Governments of the two powerful empires of Austria and France. HER MAJESTY'S Government do not understand how they are to be got over. If, indeed, the idea of an Italian Confederation were abandoned; if the Emperor of Austria, being left to frame his future government of Venetia according to his own ideas, the inhabitants of Central Italy were left to pursue their happiness according to their own conceptions, uninterfered with by any foreign power; then, indeed, peace in Italy might be stable and permanent." This is excellent, except the concluding sentence, which is unreasonable, as there can be no permanent peace in Italy while Austria holds an acre of it, and makes her evil government a constant source of annoyance and alarm.

When Mr. FANE read to Count RECHBERG a despatch from Lord JOHN RUSSELL containing the same words as those addressed to Lord COWLEY, the Austrian Minister replied, "He could not conceive that it was possible, in speaking of interests, to forget rights; and Austria possessed rights in reversion in both the Duchies of Tuscany and Modena"—"rights" which, he declared, Austria would not renounce. This subject is further insisted upon in a despatch from Count RECHBERG to the Austrian Minister in London, and which was communicated to Lord JOHN RUSSELL. In this letter the Austrian Government denies the non-intervention doctrine laid down by the English Cabinet, and "reserves to itself, with regard to future eventualities, its rights, and entire liberty of action."

In September, Count RECHBERG, alluding to an article in the *Moniteur*, told Mr. FANE, "I like the admission of the principle that if the Archdukes are not restored, Austria is freed from the engagements she has contracted at Villafranca. One of the especial conditions of the cession of Lombardy was the restoration of the Archdukes; and if it be not fulfilled, we are not bound to execute our part of the bargain." In further elucidation of his nefarious schemes, this unprincipled minister said that "Sardinia would hold Lombardy *de facto*, and not *de jure*; that the possession of a state on such terms was neither secure nor satisfactory, and that the attitude of Austria would, for the moment, be one of tranquil expectation." This is a distinct threat of war against Sardinia the moment Austria has the courage to recommence aggression, and she keeps an immense force in the Quadrilateral, and in Venetia, ready to pounce upon Central Italy if any circumstance should lessen her wholesome fear of France.

On the 8th December, the English Government again attempted to obtain from Austria some promise of non-intervention in the duchies, and Count RECHBERG replied, "that the Austrian Government reserved to themselves complete liberty of action." He added, "If Sardinia were to occupy the duchies, Austria would have an equal right of interference." A few days later, Lord A. LOFTUS spoke of the rights of the Italian people, and, in allusion to the declarations of Count RECHBERG, that the population of the duchies wished the return of their former rulers, proposed to appeal to them on the subject. Upon this the Count exclaimed, "that any Austrian minister who would agree to such a proposal would deserve the punishment for high treason." "Never," said his Excellency, "will an Emperor of Austria assent to a measure of this nature—defeat, destruction even, is preferable to such an abandonment of principle." He again refused to agree not to employ force for the restoration of the Dukes. These extracts prove to a demonstration the bad faith of Austria in ceding Lombardy. They show that she watches like a tiger for an opportunity of regaining her prey, and that with her, a most solemn treaty is no better than a knavish truce. The deliberate falsehood of her Government is also proved by Count RECHBERG's statements, when questioned about the enlistment carried on by General MEYERHOFER, and recently explained in this journal. When Lord LOFTUS first mentioned this matter, on the 1st December, the Count declared "he knew nothing about it." On the 13th December the subject was renewed, and met with a similar untruthful evasion.

Thus it will be seen that these important documents acquaint us with the fact, that Austria is prepared to make the non-

restitution of the Dukes a ground for claiming the repossession of Tuscany, and that she bides her time, fully armed, and constantly threatening the little Sardinian kingdom. It may be asked, what can she expect from fresh hostilities? And we have her own explanations in reply: she prefers defeat and ruin to the recognition of popular right. She also speculates upon the chances of a general war, which it is her desire to bring about; and we have in these papers a remarkable observation of Count RECHBERG to Lord A. LOFTUS in July, 1859. The former inquired "whether, if the neutral Powers had taken part in the contest, and if thereby a general conflagration—which would have been inevitable—had ensued, he did not think that far greater dangers would have menaced Austria, and that she might have come less advantageously out of the contest than now had been the case?" His Excellency replied, "Certainly not: we should never then have been obliged to sign this peace." The hope of Austria then lies in the benevolent project of setting the world in flames! The Pope is to blow the bellows, and we shall be much astonished if the Imperial and Pontifical conspirators escape the blaze.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RESTRICTIONS ON TRADE.

WE have no sympathy with Mr. DISRAELI's attempt to stop the discussion on the Budget. The impatient public requires that the substance of this "bold and comprehensive measure" should be thoroughly sifted, and cares nothing for points of order. It feels the pressure of taxation, it sighs for the relief Mr. GLADSTONE pretends to give. If some classes are enraptured by his promises, others regard them as a mockery, and all desire that the investigation should be swift and searching. The public is well aware that relief from taxation is identical with reduction, and the leaders of both parties agreeing in a scale of expenditure which prohibits reduction—which appropriates the saving by the falling in of annuities, for which the public has previously paid, and now has a right to—it despairs, we believe, of any real relief from either, and looks for help beyond both.

Mr. GLADSTONE's ingenuity surpasses his sagacity; it bewilders, but fails to gain confidence. The various reductions of customs' duties he proposes—£1,190,000 under the treaty, and £910,000 independent of the treaty, together £2,100,000—will give, he says, a relief to the public to the extent of £2,771,000. So he says that by his abolition of excise duties and duties on hops, he sacrifices revenue to the amount of £990,000, and gives the public relief to the extent of £1,155,000. One set of these figures represents facts, and the other set represents results imagined by Mr. GLADSTONE. The pecuniary relief must be identical with the amount of reduction of taxation, and can be neither more nor less. What Mr. GLADSTONE is understood to mean by these mystifying and contradictory statements is this. Every abolition or reduction of taxation releases industry from restrictions imposed on it for the sake of so much revenue. Being released from these restrictions, it becomes productive in a much greater but unknown ratio than when it was restricted. The wealth of the nation is increased. Of the increase, as well as of the whole, the Government continues to exact a share; and its share being proportionate to the whole, when the Government reduces taxation, it never loses as much revenue as the amount of taxation reduced. In other words, all taxation impedes in some very great but unknown degree the wealth of the nation, more than the revenue it actually yields to the Government. This is the real fact, rather hidden than explained by Mr. GLADSTONE's contradictory figures. It is true equally of the new taxation he is to impose, of all the vast sum of old taxation he retains, as well as of that he is to abolish. All taxation injures the community in a greater degree than it yields revenue. On his showing, taxation—shape it as he may—is the great artificial impediment to national progress; yet, instead of reducing it, he proposes to raise the enormous amount of £70,564,000. He ought not, therefore, to be surprised that his mystifying ingenuity has failed to obtain the confidence of the wine merchants, the shipowners, the silk manufacturers, the publicans, the wholesale grocers, and of the other interests he pretends to benefit.

He ingeniously defends our expenditure by comparing it with the increase of the national wealth. Including legally authorised local as well as state expenditure, it increased—according to Mr. GLADSTONE's figures—as follows:—

Total Expenditure in 1842-3	£68,500,000
" 1852-3	71,123,000
" 1859-60	87,697,000

In the eleven years which elapsed between 1842 and 1853 the expenditure increased $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and in the six years which elapsed between 1853 and 1859, $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. But this includes the National Debt, which has no influence on what Mr.

GLADSTONE calls the *optional* expenditure; and, deducting the debt, the other expenditure increased, in the first-mentioned eleven years, $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and in the last-mentioned six years 58 per cent. The latter period embraces the Russian War, to which the increase in the local expenditure from £13,224,000 in 1842-3 to £17,418,000 in 1859-60, or no less than 32·7 per cent., can by no means be charged. To compare this rapid increase of expenditure with the increase of the national wealth Mr. GLADSTONE takes Schedules A, B, and D of the income tax. He does not include, like the Edinburgh Reviewer, the salaries of Government officers and the dividends of the National Debt in his estimate of our wealth. He states the net amount of income under these Schedules in 1842-3 at £154,000,000, in 1853 at £172,000,000, and 1859-60 at £200,000,000. The increase of wealth between 1842 and 1853 was 12 per cent., and between 1853 and 1859-60, $16\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The total increase of the wealth of the country measured by these schedules, between 1842 and 1859-60 was not quite 30 per cent., or did not equal the increase in the local expenditure. In the same period the optional expenditure increased upwards of 70 per cent., or more than twice as fast as our wealth. Mr. GLADSTONE's figures then do not justify the increased expenditure, but they do justify the impatience of the tax-payers under their present burden. They are an all-sufficient reason why the tax-payers should not be content with Mr. GLADSTONE's proposition to change the place merely on which the burden of taxation rests.

One portion of this increase of expenditure deserves special attention. The return No. 510, of Session 1858, of "*the sums voted for each year for civil services, from 1816 to 1858 inclusive*," states separately the salaries and expenses of the public departments in each year. In 1816 the total amount of salaries, etc., was £204,722; in 1842, £730,321; and in 1857, the latest year given, £1,516,041. In the last sixteen years of the record, therefore, the official gentlemen who dispose of the public money augmented their own salaries and the salaries of their dependents 102 per cent., or 32 per cent. more than the increase of the optional expenditure in eighteen years. Between 1816 and 1857 the increase in the amount of salaries was fully five-fold, while the increase of the population was not more than 73 per cent., and the increase in wealth not more than 150 per cent. The salaried servants of the state have got more than the lion's share of the increased produce of industry.

In the interval between 1842 and 1859, the increase of wealth, by Mr. GLADSTONE's test, was 30 per cent., and the increase of population in the same interval was 18 per cent. The increase of wealth, therefore, amongst the classes who pay income tax under Schedules A, B, and D, was 12 per cent., or two-thirds more than the increase of population. Schedule A represents the income derived from real property, chiefly rent; and whether we adopt the erroneous theory of RICARDO, and say that the increase of rent is due to an increasing difficulty of obtaining subsistence, or the true theory of BASTIAT, and ascribe it to the ingenuity and skill which more and more as society advances avail themselves of the gratuitous services of nature; it is, in either case, equally true that merely owning the land does nothing towards helping the increase which owning the land gives the right to appropriate. The actual increase in the property assessed under Schedule A alone, between 1843 and 1858, as stated in the third Report of the Inland Revenue Board, was no less than 34 per cent., or nearly double the increase of population. It is very plain, therefore, that the increase of wealth, on which Mr. GLADSTONE defends the increase of expenditure, is much greater amongst the mere owners of property than amongst the working multitude. It is no justification accordingly of an increasing expenditure which falls almost entirely on the latter. It might justify an increase in the tax on real property to a considerable extent, but not on eating-houses, the removal of goods in warehouses, on dock warrants, and retaining the taxes on tea and sugar, the bulk of which are paid by the working multitude. Mr. GLADSTONE sentimentally moans over the increasing expenditure, yet defends it and profusely provides for it. He has told us sorrowfully that the poor are growing poorer and the rich richer; and his Budget, in opposition to his own theory, levies £70,564,000 chiefly on the working multitude to enrich still more the wealthy and tax-eating classes.

Slightly understood, the increase in wealth of the idle classes, in a greater degree than the increase of population is nothing for a statesman to be proud of. The *wants* of individuals, being excited by the enjoyments and possessions of the idle and the opulent few, increase still faster than the national wealth. However artificial these wants may be, when they cannot be gratified, the Government will find this increase of wealth very different from an increase in revenue. We disdain the character of party writers,

but when the partisans of the astute, eloquent, and mystifying Mr. GLADSTONE reproach Mr. DISRAELI with a prospective and imaginary delinquency in deferring to a popular impatience of taxation, they must be reminded that Mr. GLADSTONE has actually demeaned himself to ask the advice and help of the Mincing-lane brokers, instead of dictating what they are to pay, and has degraded the Government by proposing a crude measure which the mercantile classes will not accept. He already feels that the new wealth he boasts of is not easily taxed.

Our great objection to Mr. GLADSTONE's Budget is the exorbitancy of the expenditure. Admitting the necessity to provide for the national defence, why do the ministers prosecute at the same time, at a great cost, the unworthy war which our vain and foolish diplomatists entered into with the Government of China about a ridiculous point of etiquette? Why, when the national existence is, as they allege, at stake, do they keep up large military establishments in the colonies? And why do they go on increasing their own establishments and salaries, and never personally make the smallest patriotic sacrifice for the sake of economy? Within our experience there have been serious agitations for the reduction of particular taxes, to which the ministers of the day have succumbed; but the present dissatisfaction with taxation generally, especially amongst the active, influential classes which suffer most from the income-tax, was never surpassed within our recollection. Hitherto the taxation has been borne, though impatiently, because the community has been, in consequence of the gold discoveries, and the liberation of industry from old fetters, very prosperous. But prosperity has begotten habits of proportionate expenditure, and any great reverse, or even any great check to it, will endanger the whole revenue, and the very existence of the taxing power. Is it even decent in any Chancellor of the Exchequer to run such a vast risk, in order to maintain the unnecessary expenditure, which Mr. GLADSTONE essays in vain to excuse rather than justify? Before he set about making such great alterations in the system, he was bound to take care that not a farthing was expended for any less necessary service than the national defence.

Resolving, however, to provide for a profuse and wanton expenditure, and finding in existence several direct and indirect taxes—numerous customs, excise, and stamp duties, many local rates, all of which require separate costly collectors and establishments, he proposes several new taxes, without getting rid of any one of these complicated contrivances. He abolishes some excise and custom-house duties, but leaves the establishments in all their greatness. Nay, while he is reducing the revenue from customs, he augments, by new regulations, the duties of custom-house officers. While trade, as the brokers of Mincing-lane tell him, is unanimous in requiring simplicity in business, and deprecating a multiplication of charges, he burdens every imported and exported article, and every article moved in bond, with a registration fee utterly contemptible in the amount it will yield to the revenue, but enormous in the vexations it will impose on trade. We want one or two simple taxes, like a house tax; great in proportion to the dwelling; or a well-devised tax on all property, such as is levied in the State of New York, leaving every kind of industry entirely free; instead of giving the nation something of this kind, or making an approximation towards it, Mr. GLADSTONE retains every old species of taxation, and introduces several new sorts, to raise a very paltry sum. In modern fiscal proceedings, enlightened by political science, we know no instance of any proposition to raise new taxes so completely paltry as the new taxes proposed by Mr. GLADSTONE.

He takes a custom-house officer's, not a statesman's view of the bonding system, and speaks accordingly in his letter to the Mincing-lane brokers of the "important services rendered to trade by custom-house establishments." According to him, therefore, to restrain trade is to benefit it. Unfortunately, too many traders, knowing nothing of social and political principles, however accurately they are acquainted with their own interests, finding in the present warehousing system advantages, as compared to the indiscriminate rapacity of custom houses, of which they have a traditional knowledge, confirm Mr. GLADSTONE in his error, and even ask that the dealers in bonded goods should be licensed, &c. The public, however, having seen the tenacity with which hop-growers cling to the old duties on hops, the zeal with which bankers pray for a continuance of restrictions on banking, and the delight which publicans have in a monopoly, must by this time be convinced that the public interests never are consulted by the separate trades to which Chancellors of the Exchequer readily defer. That some dealers therefore are favourable to the new proposition of Mr. GLADSTONE ought not to satisfy the public that they are just and proper. By enlightened public writers the registration shilling on the import of a quarter of corn, and the penny duty on receipts, which relieved the payees of large sums and subjected to payment a great multitude of small trans-

actions between five and two pounds, were censured when imposed; but many traders acquiesced in them—prayed for them; and Mr. GLADSTONE now only profits by their support of a wrong principle to extend registration fees and penny taxes to a great number of transactions. These things are contrary to the general experience of mankind, and now Mincing-lane brokers and other mercantile classes have to regret and resist the extension to themselves of a system they should have stopped at its commencement.

Independently of all the new license taxes which Mr. GLADSTONE proposes, this branch of taxation has been of late continually increased. In 1849 the total amount of the revenue yielded by licenses, according to the third Report of the Inland Revenue Board, was £1,115,346, and in 1858 it was £1,436,826. In nine years, therefore, the revenue from licenses, chiefly from the extension of the system, has increased 27 per cent. The system is extremely prevalent in France, where every trade must take out a license, and in Holland, where a man cannot advertise a house to let without paying a stamp duty. Mr. GLADSTONE follows these bad examples. Unfortunately, he takes counsel, like all Chancellors of the Exchequer and Secretaries of the Treasury, from the Chairmen of Revenue Boards, and they have led him from the broad path of statesmanship into the tortuous, narrow ways of vulgar tax-gatherers. While he professes to relieve trade he imposes on it heaps of petty restrictions, and rouses against his Budget many classes of traders in various parts of the kingdom. Free traders, while they can but applaud the Commercial Treaty, and the reduction and abolition of customs duties consequent thereon, have a good right to complain of Mr. GLADSTONE for having made Free-trade unpopular by connecting it in his Budget with a profligate expenditure and new restrictions on industry. He has managed to unite against it—which no other person could, perhaps—all its avowed enemies, and many of its lukewarm friends. Like other officials, he cannot get out of old routine. Statesmen, indeed, are singularly uninventive. Mr. GLADSTONE's Budget leans entirely on that of Sir ROBERT PEEL's, and on the bureaucratic regulations of France. Till mind supersedes routine at the Treasury, till BASTIAT is preferred to PRESSLY, we shall have no just system of taxation.

OUR RELATIONS WITH JAPAN.

WE gentlemen of England who live at home at ease are not unused to echo without due reflection the now plaintive bleatings and now indignant howls of our fellow citizens abroad, who discover that our nation is not always placed by foreigners on the topmost pinnacle of favour and affection. The nomad or transplanted Briton is so entirely the creature of his own predilection, his nation is so peculiarly his own first favourite, that he was once apt to hold as unchristian, or uncivilized, all foreigners who demurred to its universal ascendancy, and as despot, insolent, or brutal, all who reciprocated his rudeness of self-assertion. But his eyes have, for the last few years, been gradually opening to the fact—and our continental neighbours operate on our national *strabismus* in a freely incisive manner—that he is not monarch of all he may chance to survey; not the finest of gentlemen in parts, breeding, dress, or taste; not always the most welcome; nor even, as of old, always the richest of customers. There is small doubt that British incivility contributed its full equivalent to the causes of the late Indian rebellion, and we are just now pained to learn that our sober, peaceful merchants—pioneers of progress and civilization, as we sometimes fancifully call them—have completed for us the dissolution of those tender bonds by which, but six months ago, diplomacy contrived to connect us with once impenetrable Japan. The ink of our treaty with the Tycoon was barely dry, when the noble British merchant set himself, as it were deliberately, to prepare a position for the knowing Jonathan and the polite Russian, which he may presently attribute to intrigues of theirs, and not to his own rapacity. When the opening of the trade caused an influx of merchants and agents from our settlements in China, the Japanese became aware that the expected commerce would demand a supply of currency to the strangers. A primitive and perhaps imperfect system was organized to effect this object. The issue of "itiziboes" (worth about three to a dollar) was authorized at the outpost treasuries in exchange for such defined sums in dollars as the Japanese deemed sufficient for the trading requirements of the Europeans. But the latter, observing that for the "itiziboes," that thus cost them one dollar, they could purchase about two dollars' worth of gold "Kobangs," jumped at the notion of replacing the gold currency of the country by one of silver at a profit of 100 per cent. to themselves. In frantic thirst after the mammon of unrighteousness, the Britons beset the treasuries. In the face of a notification limiting the supply to a maximum of five thousand

dollars per firm or individual, our merchant princes write for fabulous allotments of "itiziboes," appending to their own letters those of pretended partners or clients, many of which covered insults to the spirit of respectable commerce, and particularly to the new connections, out of whom they anticipated a literal harvest of gold. These letters, of which copies will shortly, on the motion of Mr. GREGSON, be laid before Parliament, remind us of the share applications of the Railway mania, with an additional tinge of vulgarity, that, however native it might have been in him, the "stag" who was out in the '45 could not afford to exhibit. They seem to have been as the last feather on the camel's back. The Japanese soon recognised their character. Perhaps the representative of some friendly nation was at hand to explain it. The issue of currency, the trade, and the treaty were, however, abruptly suspended. With a number of charges against British subjects—only, we fear, too well authenticated—the papers were sent by Captain VYSE, our vice-consul at Kanawaga, to Mr. RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, the consul-general at Jeddo. The latter officer's manifesto in reply, which will also be laid before the House, reflects, as we are at present advised, the highest credit upon its author. Composed after investigation, and clearly after hearing both sides of the story, it seems to us to have been conceived in the spirit and couched in the language of a man of honour and feeling, who has the courage to deal out the gravest censure to the most conspicuous members of a powerful interest, disposed rather to look for his support in their encroachments than for the heavy discouragement they received.

Of the suspended issue of currency and of the application letters, now about to become famous, he wrote as follows:—

"Things had come to such a pass that I am not sure it was not the best thing the Japanese for the moment could do. In presence of the insane demands pressed upon them, often with menace and violence (for such beyond doubt is the fact,) and for sums which not only the applicants could not produce in dollars, but which could not be expressed otherwise than by a long line of figures; while a lifetime would not suffice to count many of the sums claimed in itiziboes, it is difficult to say whether the indecent levity and bad taste which mark many of the requisitions now under my eye, or the disregard of all treaty conditions and national interests or repute, equally manifested, are most worthy of reprehension. Some are a positive disgrace to any one bearing the name of an Englishman, or having a character to lose. Not only the sums, in their preposterous amount, are an insult to the Japanese Government to whose officers these requisitions were presented, but they are documents essentially false and dishonest, as purporting to bear the names of individuals having a real existence and entitled to demand facilities for trade; whereas mere words are used as names, and made to convey gross and offensive comments."

It is but just to the Americans, Russians, Dutch, and, above all, to the poor French—on whom, did the Japanese sternly refuse to kiss and be friends, our countrymen might be apt to throw blame—that we should give the concluding passage of the Consular despatch:—

"The cessation of the present stoppage of trade and exchange of monies, is already the subject of strenuous exertion on my part, as well as of my colleagues here. The facilities for the exchange of dollars, lost for the hour, chiefly, I am clear, by the misconduct of those whom it was desired to benefit, were entirely due in the first instance to our united efforts here. But that the Government of the Tycoon should be singularly indisposed to listen to, or concede anything to, present remonstrances with the knowledge of the uses to which foreigners have turned the facilities already obtained, and the mode they adopted to secure, each for himself, larger supplies of itiziboes, cannot be a matter of surprise, however regrettable. This, like other difficulties, must be met as it best may; I hope with success."

It is unnecessary to add that the merchants, whose "staggering" letters will soon be before the public, are disgusted at the remarks of the energetic Consul-general, and talk largely of the usual "full and satisfactory answer" "to come." To this we can only say, "Time will show."

But whether Mr. ALCOCK and Captain VYSE have been well or ill informed—whether the merchants be injured lambs or baffled wolves, the moral we incline to deduce from the nipped bud of our relations with Japan is, that the profit and pleasure of being "the most favoured nation" may be won by treaty, but by force of treaty alone can be preserved.

COAL.

OF all the natural possessions which distinguish Britain from other favoured countries, coal is perhaps the most valuable,—the most valuable for commercial enterprise, and at the same time the most remarkable in geological origin and primordial preparation. Looking at the enormous amount of vegetation necessary for the formation of a bed of coal, and still more for twenty or thirty successive beds, the well-informed geologist sees in scientific vision vast growths of huge trees of strange forms; thick rows of tall reeds

with glossy stems and pointed leaves; innumerable ferns of far greater dimensions than our fern plants, and in fact tree-ferns; club mosses that would be giants to our mosses; together with plants having fluted stems and regularly indented seal-like scars; the whole comprising a fossil flora of about one thousand recognised species, once waving, and quivering, and bending under winds which have left no trace of their passage, and under suns which set in ages almost incalculably antecedent to that in which we now write,—cheered and warmed by the heat and light emanating from the wreck and decay of miles after miles and years after years' growth of one of the earlier floras of our earth!

While fossil botanists at home and abroad have busied themselves in examining and determining the species and dimensions of the various plants from which coal was formed, and of which it bears memorials in its own substance and deposits, geologists have concerned themselves respecting the means by which these plants were originally accumulated, then decayed, then pressed down and finally transformed into the present fuel. There are theories which have been fought for by the side of good coal-fires, and hotly discussed under gaseous illuminations derived from coal, and some of these have faded and been forgotten, while others have survived and are now flourishing. The pith of the questions is this:—Were these enormous amounts of vegetation stationary in death as well as in life; or were they, when fallen, drifted away into the repositories where their results are now discovered? According to the former, or the Peat-bog theory, the ancient forests and jungles originally flourished in the present localities of coal, and in due time suffered subsidence together with the land upon which they grew, which thus became the basin of a lake or estuary, into which broad rivers carried mud and sand. Out of these latter were consolidated those numerous beds of shale and sandstone between which the seams of coal lie, as if preserved by them, and inclosed in sandy and shaley protections. While these covers were depositing, the vegetable matter became bituminised and mineralised into coal. Coal, therefore, is as it were boxed up in vast cases of sandstone and shale, which must be lifted before the fuel can be reached and extracted. Successful coal-mining is nothing else than the discovery and application of a key to unlock the ponderous coal-cases of Nature.

The second, or the Drift theory, admits, indeed, of partial and limited submersions and elevations of land, but it does not suppose that coal was formed as peat-bogs are now constituted—by the continual decay of plants upon the same spot, and their slow accumulation without transportation. On the contrary, it contends that the main bulk of the coal seams was deposited as drift and silt in lakes and estuaries, into which the constituent vegetation was deported by rivers and inundations. The transporting rivers were themselves liable to inundations, like the Nile and the Ganges, and thus swept down the vegetation which, in quiet intervals, grew around and closed up the deltas of the rivers. Many curious facts have been observed in the phenomena of the great rivers of the earth which seem to strengthen this theory; but the singular evenness and uniformity of coal seams are against it. We are rather inclined to combine parts of both theories; but even then there are some characteristics of coal deposits which are not easy to account for. As most diligent and careful researches are continually being made into the geology of our coal-fields, we may yet learn particulars which may modify our theories in some directions and fortify them in others.

Theorise as we may about the mode of its deposition, the practical value and potential issues of this mineral fuel are the same. Geologists are left to pursue their inquiries as they please, but merchants and mechanics have a very different interest in coal. To them it is a vast bituminous bank, the source of power and the depository of wealth. Men who cannot name one coal plant are making large fortunes out of coal. They care nothing about how the seam was deposited, but only how it can be extracted. To them, as to geologists, it is the philosopher's stone; but only because it is convertible into gold. And it is perfectly astonishing to learn what fortunes have been coined out of this black stone. As there are cotton-lords at Manchester, so there are coal-lords at Newcastle. That town itself has, in one sense, arisen out of coal. It is the metropolis of coal: it has an aristocracy of coal; an exchange, mansions, ships, factories, an Armstrong gun factory, railways, machinery, and multitudes of human beings, all of whom and all of which may be said to have grown out of the coal just as they are topographically situated upon it.

Then as to mechanics—what would they be without coal? Yet few, if any, of them have been aware of the amazing amount of mechanical force stored up in a latent state in this dull and dead-looking substance. Let us instance this in the results of a calculation made by Professor ROGERS, and as concisely as may be. Take an acre of coals (of the best kind) according to surface measurement, having a thickness of four feet, and you find its product will be about five thousand tons. This possesses a reserve of mechanical strength which, when properly developed by the application of it as fuel, would be equal to the life labours of more than one thousand six hundred men. Now, take a square mile of one such single coal-bed, and it contains three million tons of fuel, which is equivalent to the labour of one million men labouring through twenty years of their ripe strength. Assuming that ten millions of tons out of the annual coal produce of British coal-mines are applied to the productions of mechanical power, then our country annually summons to her aid the mineral equivalent of three million three hundred thousand fresh men pledged to exert their fullest strength through twenty years. Reducing this to one year, we find that England's actual annual expenditure of power generated by the use of coal can

be represented by that of sixty-six million able-bodied labourers! But if we go so far as to convert the entire latent strength resident in the whole amount of coal annually produced by our coal-mines into its equivalent in human labour, then, by the same process of calculation, we shall find it to be more than the labour of four hundred million strong men, or more than double the number of adult males now upon the globe! Said we not truly that coal is perhaps the most valuable of all our natural possessions?

To what extent do we possess this mineral fuel absolutely and comparatively? And at what rate are we now actually and annually extracting it? Putting all our British coal deposits together, we have in Great Britain about 5,400 square miles of coal area, while France has only 984, Belgium, 510; Russia, 100; Prussia, 960; and Spain, 200 square miles. As to area, therefore, we stand very high in comparison with other principal countries. But it is possible to approximate to the solid contents of available coals in these areas; and then we find that the British islands contain (upon an average thickness of thirty-five feet of good coal) a total of about 190,000,000,000 tons. France, with beds of about the thickness of sixty feet, has 59,000,000,000 tons. Belgium, averaging the same thickness, holds 36,000,000,000 tons. The ratio of these estimated quantities of coal, making Belgium the unit, would be as follows:—Belgium, one; France, less than two; British islands, rather more than five: that is, Britain has five times the coal possessions of Belgium, and more than double those of France—leaving quality wholly out of consideration. All these together sink into insignificance as compared with the vast coal fields of America; but we cannot now do more than refer to them. Our present business lies at home, and near to it.

In quality of coal we are very fortunately endowed, as well as in quantity. The best bituminous or caking coal in the world lies in the great coal field that underlies Newcastle, and stretches far into Durham and Northumberland. It is curious that Wallsend coal is known and prized all over the civilized world. It warms the Anglo-phobe in France and in the United States. Men actually curse "perfidious Albion" and the "tarnation Britishers" while they warm themselves at the fireside which Britain supplies. A collier ship is the only argosy which cheers and enlightens all nations by its freight. A coal-ship distinguishes England, a gun-ship France, a slave-ship America—which of these is the benefactor of the world? Indirectly, perhaps, our black coal may prove the best friend of the black man.

The commercially interesting sights and scenes associated with the mining and shipping of coal in the great northern coal field of our country, are unknown to nine tenths of England's inhabitants. They take infinite pains to reach and traverse Rome and Naples, but they might learn much more at and around Newcastle and Durham. When the infatuated Pope totters, and falls, or flies from Rome, and Rome itself decays upon its own earlier ruins, our coal towns will be flourishing, growing stronger, and extending further. Colliery establishments, tall engine chimneys, far-stretching tramways, trains of countless coal waggons, long rows of coal-sheds and screens and store-houses, and crowds of grim and dusky colliers will be our signs of carbonaceous prosperity, more significant, though less sightly, than the old ruinous columns and arches and churches of the ecclesiastical metropolis of papal Christendom. In the issue Newcastle will beat Rome. The closing of our coal mines would be a far more terrible calamity than the major excommunication—that is the ultimatum of the Pope's power, as coal is the ultimatum of ours.

With a line or two on our rate of mining we must conclude. The supply is a fixed and unalterable quantity, its extraction is a quantity largely increased and, in prosperous times, increasing. The great northern coal field is the chief source of our best household coal. Its area is from seven hundred to eight hundred square miles. The rate at which it has been mined has augmented most wonderfully from a merely trifling beginning. In 1858 no less than 15,853,484 tons were delivered from Durham and Northumberland. Now a mining engineer, known to us, has estimated that the total merchantable "round" or good-sized coals which can be extracted from this coal field (abating loss, waste, &c.), amounts to 1,251,232,504 Newcastle chaldrons (each fifty-three hundredweight). A simple calculation, upon these data, leads us to the conclusion that, should the present rate of mining proceed, the whole amount will be taken out in little more than three hundred years. If we abate the rate to ten million tons annually, then the period of exhaustion will be three hundred and thirty-one years. Thus, should the demand and extraction increase in the same ratio as they have hitherto done, this great coal field will be hopelessly impoverished in the course of three centuries. Another mining engineer has arrived at the same result by an independent calculation.

The total produce of coal every year from the collieries of the United Kingdom is (for 1858) no less than 65,008,649 tons. Let any clever arithmetician put these sixty-five millions of tons in other and equivalent forms, and the result would be surprising, and almost surpassing credit. We may take this as a text for another article, in connection with the anthracites and steam coals, which are now of the utmost national importance to us. Steam warfare will turn more upon appropriate steam coal than most persons are aware of. We have made particular research into our national possessions of this kind of fuel, and we believe that the results are of some national importance. Meanwhile, the public at large are little aware that the annual value of our annual produce of coal amounts, at the market price, to no less a sum than sixteen millions and a quarter of our money! Could we arrive at the consumer's price, and add that to the market value, the total would be indeed astonishing. Any

reader, however, can make this addition for himself, at least in opinion; and then, how momentous a natural endowment is our British coal!

WINE.

NUNC EST BIBENDUM. A bibulous millennium dawns upon these isles. Everybody is to drink his fill, and nobody is to get drunk. A philanthropic Chancellor of the Exchequer, far from seeking to rob the poor man of his beer, offers him potatoes much more noble in addition. England is to become temperate by adopting, not the ungrateful process of abstinence, but the inviting system of indulgence. Has not ADAM SMITH said—and who may dare in these days to gainsay that sage—that if we consult experience, the cheapness of wine seems to be a cause of sobriety? The real golden age will soon be here; if churls who grumble at a tenpenny income tax, and hop planters who object to sacrifice themselves, as good citizens gladly should, for the benefit of their country, do not stop its way. In a short time spirited wine merchants will be giving us a foretaste of our happiness, and the whole country, abandoning itself to “innocent exhilaration,” will listen only to the poets, whose natural aliment is the juice of the grape, and whose genius must have been sadly dimmed these two hundred years by their inability to get at it; JOHN BARLEYCORN, with all his virtues, having little poetic inspiration, except perhaps, as our hyperborean friends stoutly contend, when he assumes the shape of whisky. *En attendant*, let us who deal in facts and figures gossip a little, whilst we can still find serious listeners, about the quantities of wine our fathers consumed, and the capabilities of the countries to which we must look for our promised feast.

Our more remote ancestors, although they laid a duty upon wine, were too fond of the “drink divine” to let it be at all heavy. At the commencement of the reign of the merry monarch, when the population of England could not have exceeded five millions, some 45,000 tuns are said to have been annually consumed; that is, half as much again as the whole consumption of the thirty millions of the United Kingdom in 1859. At least 20,000 tuns were French; the rest were Portuguese, Spanish, and Rhenish—the first named, however, in but very small proportion, as the taste for it only grew up towards the close of the seventeenth century. Its first introduction was probably coincident with the marriage of CHARLES with CATHERINE of Braganza; and a conclusive proof of its novelty, as well as of the antiquity of the “blending” and doctoring systems, is to be found in an early act of his reign, which prohibits the mixing of one wine with another, or with cider, sugar, &c., and, referring particularly to Spanish, French, and “Rinish” wines, makes no mention of those of Portugal. In 1688, however, in the first year of WILLIAM and MARY, an act was passed, prohibiting all trade and intercourse with France, and Portuguese wines had therefore their own way, except so far as French were smuggled. We should observe here that the port wine of that day was a very different article from that which the Oporto Wine Company compels us to drink now. Whilst possessing, of course, the flavour of the Portuguese grape it partook rather of the character of Burgundies or clarets. This prohibitive act lasted only three years, but in 1693 the system of differential duties began, French wine being charged 2s. 1d., and Portuguese and Spanish 1s. 8d. per gallon, according to most authorities, for there is a great difference between the rates of duty as given by different authors and officials, arising partly from the adoption by some of the imperial, and by the others of the wine gallon; and partly, perhaps, by the omission of some to include all the multifarious duties levied in virtue of so many acts of Parliament up to Mr. PITT’s consolidation of the tariff in 1787. In 1697 the duty on French wine was further increased, and the total importation was only 13,000 tuns according to Mr. PORTER, or about 2,700,000 imperial gallons according to the Customs’ authorities—whose figures we shall henceforth quote—of which only 510 gallons were French, as we were then at war with that country. After the METHUEN treaty of 1703, a final blow was given to the French wines, the duty upon them being fixed at 4s. 10d. the gallon, whilst on Spanish and Portuguese it was only 2s.; even the latter rate, however, was sufficient to prevent the general consumption which formerly took place. The quantity of all kinds imported—which in 1700 had been just five millions, of which 430,000 were French, and in 1701 four and a half million gallons—sank in 1706 to two million three hundred thousand, of which about 30,000 were French. It then began to rise again; reached six millions of all sorts in 1728; then declined anew, until we find it touching as low a figure as 2,100,000 in 1744, in which year the duty was again increased. In 1780 the importation was 4,300,000 gallons, of which 3,500,000 came from Portugal, 600,000 from Spain, and only 80,000 from France. In 1782 the duties underwent another increase—that on French was fixed at 8s. 9d., and on Portuguese at 4s. 2d. the (imperial) gallon. The importation, as might have been expected, declined considerably, and reached in 1784 only 3,003,000 gallons.

In 1787 Mr. PITT made that memorable reduction of duty which has such a special similarity to the proposals of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, because it, like them, was the result of a commercial treaty with France. The duty on French was reduced to 4s. 6d., and that on Portuguese and Spanish wines to 3s. the gallon. The consumption increased enormously, so much so that the total importation for 1792 was 8,600,000 gallons, of which 723,000 were French, and the amount retained for home consumption—with respect to which we have no statistics before 1787—was 7,850,000 gallons; the net amount of duty received, which in 1787 amounted to £848,000, reaching £1,148,755. This period of cheapness did

not last long. The duties were raised in 1795, and again in 1796, until they stood in the latter year at 10s. 6d. for French, and 6s. 11d. for Portuguese and Spanish. The taste for wine had grown, however, during these years of low duty, and although the importation fell considerably during 1796, 1797, and 1798, it increased again rapidly, and in 1803 we find the importation 9,394,000, of which 410,000 were French, and the quantity retained for home consumption 8,226,000 gallons. The duty was again increased in 1803 and 1804, until it stood at 13s. 8d. French, and 9s. 1d. Portuguese and Spanish; but the importation instead of diminishing increased up to 1811, when it fell from 10,818,000 gallons, the amount in 1810, to 4,624,000; rising, however, in the next year to eight millions, the consumption being all the while steadily maintained at from five to six million gallons. In 1813 the duty on French wines was raised to the enormous sum of 19s. 8d. the gallon; but the increase was taken off the following year, and no great effect seems to have followed it. A new claimant for public favour had, meanwhile, been forcing its pretensions upon the notice of the public. Cape wine, which was included with “wine of other sorts” up to 1801, and then appeared only with the modest figure of ten thousand gallons, was, in 1813, favoured with a reduction to 3s., the fostering influence of which soon showed itself. Whilst the total quantity of wine imported sank from eight million gallons in 1812, until the average of the years 1819 to 1824 stood at about six millions, the quantity retained for home consumption showing a diminution of a less decided character, the importation of Cape rose from 8500 gallons in 1812 to 880,000 in 1823, and 616,000 in 1824. In 1825 the duties were reduced to more reasonable rates; Cape coming in at 2s. 5d., French at 7s. 3d., and Portuguese and Spanish at 4s. 10d. the gallon. The result was a considerable increase both in importation and consumption; the average importation of the six years, 1825-30, being over eight millions, and the consumption about six and a-half million gallons.

The absurd and unjust system initiated by the METHUEN treaty received its death-blow in 1831, the duties on all wines being equalised at 5s. 6d. the gallon, except Cape, which, in accordance with the protectionist theories then prevailing, was admitted at half rates, or 2s. 9d. An additional five per cent. was added in 1840, bringing the rates to their present amount—5s. 9½d. on Foreign, and 2s. 10½d. on Cape wines. The quantities imported and retained for home consumption from the equalisation of the duties to 1851 remained respectively at the dead levels of about eight million and six million gallons; the most noticeable features being a decline in the quantity of Cape, and an increase in that of French wines; the Cape imported in 1850 being two hundred and thirty-four, and the French six hundred thousand gallons. The ravages of the vine disease since 1851 render the returns for subsequent years comparatively worthless. But we are again approaching a normal state of things, and the statistics of the last two years, 1858 and 1859, are useful for purposes of comparison. The quantities imported and entered for home consumption in 1858 were respectively 5,790,000 and 6,697,000 gallons, showing a large draught upon old stocks; whilst the Board of Trade returns just published give the importation of 1859 at 8,196,026, and the entries for home consumption at 7,262,965 gallons. Spain, which took the highest place for the first time in 1839, retains it, sending as her share of the eight millions we imported last year more than 3,600,000 gallons; Portugal sends nearly 1,800,000; France, winning back her old market, more than a million; Naples and Sicily, a comparatively new source of supply, 250,000; and South Africa 786,000, a figure which it will hardly attain when deprived of the protection it now enjoys. The grand result is, that, to leave the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries out of the question, the thirty millions of people inhabiting these islands drank no more wine in 1859 than fifteen millions did in the beginning of the century. So much for the wine Englishmen have drunk; we will see next week what they are likely to get in the future.

WHAT LONDON IS COMING TO.

NO man, being in a hurry for a London Bridge train, is blockaded for ten minutes in Cheapside without having very serious thoughts, indeed, that night over his port about the future of that great city which is dominated over by the great black bubble of St. Paul’s.

What will they do with it? is the question that passes through his mind as he that night pokes out his Forest Hill fire, hooks on the fire-guard, looks at the shutter bolts, rattles the drag chain on the front door handle, and goes to see if the servants have fastened the kitchen window, before he passes up thoughtfully and slowly to bed. He goes to sleep, dreaming of that vexatious frozen river of cabs, coaches, light carts, Pickford’s vans and waggons laden with flour sacks and hop packs, that kept him chafing just under Bow Church clock, till he had all but lost the dinner train—the 5.20. He thinks of improvements, and goes to sleep to dream of the London of 1880, where they are all carried out. No longer soft soap or soup—or slime upon the pavement. Four times a day the streets are scraped by able-bodied men from the parish workhouses, trim pink and white men with Macassar’d hair and simpering mouths, such as you see in water colour paintings of “Happy peasantry, their country’s pride,”—no danger now on crossings, no racing cabs, moving one this way and one that, like scissor blades—no loathsome sweepers to splash you if you are not charitable. Light suspension bridges, at regulated intervals swinging high in air above the principal streets far from sprinkling wheel and flying seals of mud and keepsakes of dirt flung you generously by lavish omnibuses; below that, level with first floor rooms, terraced footway for pas-

sengers, and above these the Grand Central Chimney-pot Railway, running on firm platforms built over the roofs, and crossing from street to street on tubular bridges. This aerial railway will be in communication with the subterranean railway which burrows under every street except those devoted to the Pickford van and four-wheeled waggon, tunnels which have in 1880 so lightened the street traffic and rendered the roads clear and pleasant for quick, convenient, and safe travelling. And to still further increase the attractions of London in 1880, our dreaming friend sees, or "thinks he sees," a railway moving round its whole circumference with radiating spokes from the circular iron-felloe to a great central station, somewhere in the heart of London. In this new city a man of business would be as a spider in his web ready to run in an instant down a ladder to any portion of its circumference. But need we follow him through his dream, watching the pleasure balloons floating gaily through smokeless air from Islington to Hyde Park or from Peckham to Putney, the great Thames silver again and teeming with fish, or coal exchanged for some purer and subtler fuel; so that once more grapes ripen in Gower Street and Drury Lane boasts its gardens.

But seriously, London is becoming one of the most uncomfortable of cities. It wants more bridges, wider streets, more diffusion of traffic; at present the city is in extreme danger of apoplexy, and we expect every day to hear of a stoppage in Cheapside, leading to the death of some fourteen stockbrokers, on their way home to dinner. It is true that people live more out of town than they used, and that late at night the City is a howling wilderness, peopled only by errant clerks, cats, and old laundresses; but their daily migration only renders the streets twice a day more hopelessly blocked than ever. Increased population, and a deluge torrent of fifteen hundred omnibuses and ten thousand cabs tear up and down, and render the uproar and confusion more intolerable; and it must be remembered that if the railways carry away nightly many thousand men of business, they daily bring into London to replace them as many thousand men from the country.

Twenty years after the Restoration, Albemarle-street and Bond-street were timidly begun. Now the brick glacier creeps on rapidly towards Fulham, and between London and Clapham there can scarcely be said to be a break of country, except for an instant on the left-hand side of the road at Kennington-common. Where Chartist once met, and theological open-air disputants wrangle, now great public gardens assume almost the grandeur of a royal park, were the bushes less like hair-brushes. On all sides London, like an immense over-boiled pudding burst out at its edges; Holloway, Southwark, Whitechapel, Kensington, everywhere the creeping inundation of brick and mortar spreads; where will it stop? A hundred years ago and there was a windmill buzzing round in Rathbone-place, an avenue of elms rose where the Middlesex Hospital now stands, and Oxford Street was a deep country quagmire road between hedges, much infested by highwaymen, though it did lead ominously to Tyburn and the triple tree. Only a hundred years ago London houses were first numbered, and only about a hundred and fifty since streets were first lighted at night. It is not more than two hundred years or so since CROMWELL thought it necessary to try and pass an Act to restrain "the new buildings in and about London;" yet here we are, in 1860, growing faster than ever, with all the rapidity, in fact, of the Bean-stalk in the fairy story. The growing cannot be helped, and must not be interfered with; the dirt, and noise, and confusion, and impediment must and ought—and how? Mainly by bridges. A philanthropist of our acquaintance declares that if he had a great sum to bestow on London, he would spend it in buying Waterloo and Southwark bridges, and throwing them both open on the same hour and day with much waving of flags and firing of commemorative cannon. Nor would the flags and cannon be evidences of unworthy vanity for a great city. We are now actually reduced to three bridges—Westminster, London, and Blackfriars—Southwark and Waterloo being barred up by tolls, which are, to nine out of ten, prohibitory. So we shall drone on, till London Bridge resembles nothing more than NAPOLEON's unfortunate passage of the Beresina.

The story of the growth of London is more like a fairy story than a sober topographical reality. It is almost impossible to fancy Marylebone all gardens and fields as late as 1776, and boys flying kites in the meadows round the British Museum less than a century ago. It is easier to believe that Edward VI. wrote his Latin exercises in Bridewell, that the Duke of Gloucester dwelt near Paul's Wharf, or that the Strand, in Elizabeth's time, was one long chain of nobles' palaces, than such old-world stories; yet those legends are as true as that Lincoln's Inn Fields was once fashionable, that Prince Rupert lived in Finsbury, and their lordships Buckingham and Shaftesbury not far off. Who can foretell the changes of such a wondrous city? The Thames once boasted its "fat salmon;" its shores may one day, instead of warehouses, boast of fair terraces and waving avenues. London, now the largest, may one day be the fairest of cities, though close packed, and its soil worth hundreds the square foot; for it still has large and central plots of ground available for ventilating squares, railway stations, or great public buildings. There are Saffron Hill and Hungerford Market, and the Colosseum, all vacant, and at present useless; at Tokenhouse Yard they already speak of a terminus, and at Hungerford Bridge of another, that is to cross the water and connect central London with the Pimlico and London Bridge Railways. The underground railway (not very healthful or inviting for pleasure trips) is begun; a railway following the street from Islington to the Edgware Road and Paddington would be accessible from all parts of London, and would feed the Great Western. Let what will be done, this is

certain, that some means of traversing and bisecting this enormous, incoherent, and straggling city must be devised. At present, you come from the country sixty miles in less time than you take to get from Shoreditch station to Brompton. Why should we be doomed to have annoyances increase as fast as our wealth and population increase?

JUVENAL's sketch of the miseries of walking in old Rome and GAY's delineation of the annoyances of old London, are nothing compared with our present sufferings in Holborn, Cheapside, the Strand, or the more crowded streets; we no longer, certainly, have benedictions from the upper windows, as in old Edinburgh, the filthiest and most cozy of cities; no longer bands of brutal Mohocks punch you full of holes, or slit your nose; no longer bucks think it chivalrous to knock down old men; no longer have we masked highwaymen in Oxford Street, or cut-throats bullying in every tavern.

But still no wonder that people who can help it never venture into the city, and talk in affected ignorance as if Finsbury was a dangerous part of Kamschatka, since street walking has become so vexatious, so slow, so dangerous, and so intolerable. In no other city of the world are the streets such a scene of helpless entanglement with trucks, Hansoms, waggons, carts, vans, carriages; all squeezing and crushing in a defile too narrow for a third of them, grinding and tearing through liquid mud that is scattered like alms right or left on all the foot-passengers, sealing up this one's lips, asterisking that one's coat, and rendering the crossing a street at certain hours a matter of ten minutes' delay, and that too at an hour when seconds are worth silver, and minutes worth gold. And do the foot-pavements afford room for healthy brisk walking; room to walk two abreast with friends? No; they are loaded with a dense mass of humanity, close as herrings in a barrel. Rows of stolid men with heraldic boards behind them and in front; insensible files of policemen; shop boys running errands, street porters, beggars with starlings on sticks, and with buzzing toys, fifes, and butterflies leaping out of boxes, with little copper kettles and tin whistles, and performing mice, dogsellers, sweepers, shoeblacks with their blacking slung behind them, milliners with show boxes; men carrying copper pipes, or planks, or iron-hooping, tinkers waving their fire-pots, stockbrokers pushing for the train, butcher boys with their obtrusive trays, dangerous to eyes; sweeps who get more room than a king would if he were to go on his knees for it. Draymen in quilted suits, lowering beer casks down gaping cellars, fruit women, swells carrying umbrellas as if they thought they were rifles, hasty men with small carpet bags, servants going for beer, shopmen taking in goods—such are a few, very few of the obstructions that fill our streets and impede while they constitute our traffic. If our population and traffic increase, some of these passengers must find out a means of reaching their destination under the ground or up in the air, or some day we shall have a jam with tremendous loss of life in some popular city thoroughfare.

A golden moment, as we all know, was let slip after the Fire of London, when WREN's great rectangular plan of street building was laid on one side. Had that great design been carried out, we should have been able from the Golden Gallery of Saint Paul's to have now looked down on a city rich as old Babylon and beautiful as old Rome, and not on a confused mob struggling and fighting through a crowded nest of narrow streets and dirty alleys, where every sense is annoyed—a Gordian knot of devious ways which wants some MACADAM CÉSAR to cut through and through, with some of those wide undeviating sword-thrust roads which of old went forth from Rome straight and unbroken to her most distant provinces.

THE GOVERNMENT IN THE PANTRY.

AMONG our patriotic legislators are some who would not only make the Government paternal, but maternal, and even go beyond that, and add to it a touch of those well-known functionaries, "Sairey" and "Betsy Prigg." These gentlemen seem to think we can do nothing by ourselves or for ourselves, and we should not be surprised if one of them soon brings in a bill to compel each parish to provide inspectors to see how we put our boots on, lest we should sprain our ancles and twist our toes. We are led to these conclusions by the appearance of a "bill," proposed by Messrs. SCHOLEFIELD, WISE, and VILLIERS, "for preventing the adulteration of articles of food and drink." We have no love for adulterators, nor for rogues of any other kind. We have Christian charity enough to love the honest interests of society, and hate all rascals, from the big Joint Stock Company sort, which gets into Parliament and figures in company with pious contractors at the Premier's balls, down to the little urchin who diddles his "pal" at chuck-farthing in the street; nor have we a word to say in favour of the knaves who forge trade marks, make axes that won't chop, knives that won't cut, and defraud those grandmothers, wives, and daughters of England, to whom Mrs. ELLIS has given such excellent advice, whenever they purchase a reel of cotton or a skein of silk. We don't like "death in the pot," as revealed by old ACCUM, nor the host of minor evils which Dr. HASSALL's microscope has presented to public view. It is not pleasant to exchange those shining particles upon which HER MAJESTY'S effigy is impressed, for pepper composed of sawdust, nutmegs that have been boiled for the felonious abstraction of their aromatic virtues, nor for the publicans' ponderous humectity, in the vulgar called "heavy wet"—in which water, treacle, coppers, and cocculus indicus conspire to make a nauseous and unwholesome mess. We mourn over the "infancy of England," whose little lives have a sad

though sugared ending through the suction of lollypops treacherously tinged with leaden pigments or arsenical tints. We pity the man or woman foolish enough to persist in purchasing tea that is decorated with French chalk, Prussian blue, and other deleterious ingredients, or coffee which has stronger affinity with roasted carrots and horse liver than with the choice Arabian berry, or marmalade made of turnips, or best soluble cocoa chiefly composed of tallow, potato starch, and oxide of iron. But the practical question is whether the public shall be left to suffer these grievances until they remedy them at their own discretion, or whether the QUEEN shall prevent over the private pantry as well as over the larder of Buckingham Palace, and all our transactions with the grocer and the cheesemonger form a subject of parliamentary and parochial control.

Messrs. SCHOLEFIELD, WISE, and VILLIERS propose in the bill which they have introduced, that any person who shall "knowingly" sell any article of food or drink calculated to injure health, or who shall sell an adulterated article warranted as pure, shall be liable to a pecuniary penalty, with costs of conviction, before two Justices of the Peace, and on second conviction to the publication of the name of the offender at his own expense. To protect tradesmen against unjust accusations the bill provides that the purchaser must at the time of purchase give notice of his intention to have the article analysed, in order that the seller may if he chooses accompany the buyer to an analyst, and take effectual precautions to prevent the accused article from being tampered with.

In furtherance of the operation of the bill, it is proposed that vestries and district boards in London, and town councils in boroughs, may appoint "one or more persons, possessing competent medical, chemical, and microscopical knowledge, as analysts of all articles of food and drink, purchased within the said metropolitan district or borough; and may provide a convenient office, and all necessary accommodation and materials for the execution of the duties of such analysts; and may pay to such analysts such salary and allowances as they may think fit."

We cannot imagine that any parish or borough will do anything of the kind, so long as the matter is left to their discretion; nor can we recognise the principle that private purchasers have any right to State aid in procuring analysts to act for them at low rates, such as half-a-crown, or ten and sixpence, which last is the highest fee the analysts are to charge. There are frauds of adulteration which the State ought to prosecute; as, for example, when they lead to the destruction of life by the sale of poisonous articles which are represented as harmless; but we demur to the principle, that the State should give any other assistance to private bargainiers than such simplification of the law as may enable aggrieved persons to employ it with greater economy and better chance of success.

The class which suffers most from adulteration is the poorest, and the best way the Government can aid them is by economizing expenditure and reducing taxation, a process which would soon give them more employment and better wages. If the middle and upper ranks of society purchase bad articles instead of good ones it is their own fault, and "young ladies about to marry" would do well to acquire an elementary knowledge of the different materials of food and clothing which they will have to buy. There is no satisfactory way of helping a poor man, except by removing obstacles to his earning more; and where moderate means are in the possession of any purchaser he deserves no pity if he will not take the trouble to learn how to spend his money to the best advantage. We do not believe there is a town in the kingdom in which tolerably good articles cannot be bought by people able and willing to pay a fair price for them, and capable of knowing a good thing when they see it. But while a large section of the public will run after "bargains," and are so ignorant of domestic economy as to be caught by the sight of sugar whitened by twenty-five per cent. of starch, or of "Splendid Young Hyson" whose colour does not bear the least resemblance to that of any genuine tea—they are hopelessly beyond the effectual reach of any Government aid.

We doubt whether one in ten of the marriageable young ladies of England know the look of half the articles used in domestic economy; and yet the chemistry and botany of the kitchen are far more important, and afford a better discipline for the mind than most of the pursuits in which they are engaged. If Ignorance goes to market, Roguery is sure to be found keeping a stall, and cheating shops are only the symptoms of the folly and credulity upon which they trade.

The young men of England should encourage the young ladies to a more practical development of their faculties, as life is not entirely composed of artificial flowers and crinoline. Let no man marry, unless his beloved has an eye for mustard, a nose for nutmeg, is scientific in coffee, and æsthetic in tea. There are recurring hours when a good roast is preferable to ROSSINI; when PERGOLESI must yield to puddings; and PICCOLOMINI—sad to say it—is of little consequence when compared with pickles. It is not by bills in Parliament that we can reform the bills of the shopkeeper. The acts by which he must be amended are domestic, not imperial; and when there is more intelligence in the home, the housekeeper need not apply to the parish for an Expert in Porter, a Sage in Sardines, or a Philosopher in Bottled Fruit.

MODERN CONVENTIONALISM.*

DIRECTED against the evils of modern conventionalism, this book is much better in intention than in execution. The author, obviously a most amiable and earnest person, has exceed-

* *Phases and Fallacies of Society as it Is.*—Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.

ingly imperfect notions of that community whose faults and follies he denounces; and he has neither the prophetic fire, the satirical force, nor the delicate irony, to compensate for the want of knowledge. Oddly enough, while attacking society for its conventionalism he writes in the most conventional style. He is marvellously fluent, but the phrases which leap after each other so rapidly have a familiar aspect and a familiar sound sufficiently wearisome. In truth, both the author's thoughts and expressions come to us at second hand, though he is not conscious of it. In his attempts to be witty, also, the author is often guilty of bad taste, and of what we cannot call by any other name than Little Bethel vulgarity. It is doubtful whether much good arises from assailing modern conventionalism through books. Modern conventionalism simply means social cowardice, and how is social cowardice to be rebuked and vanquished but by the example of the brave? Never was social cowardice so prevalent as in these days—never, therefore, was the example of the brave more needed. An invincible individuality, however, though the grand remedy for conventionalism, cannot, in an age like this, assume the garb, or utter the words of JOHN the Baptist. It must fight its fight calmly and unostentatiously. We live in times when the prophet must be a gentleman; if he is a scholar, too, all the better. It cannot be said that society is ignorant of its defects, ignorant of its slavery to conventional bondage. Never before was the anatomy of social vices so searching, the ridicule of social absurdities so keen. But society cares not a jot either for the anatomy or the ridicule. Fashion maintains its idiotic despotism till some sublime moral reality grows stronger than fashion. Not one woman in England has abandoned the recent disgusting monstrosities in dress from the loud laughter, the bitter sneers, or the savage scowls flung at them. Social cowardice, however, in England, is nourished by fatal influences which exist nowhere else in the world to the same extent. The aristocratic constitution of English society may or may not have its advantages: it is admirably adapted, at all events, to beget social cravens. Every man in England apes while he envies the man immediately above him in rank. Our working classes do not like to read about the working classes; they are not satisfied unless through the *London Journal* they can form an acquaintance with lords.

As long as religious or political persecution existed there was, through the heroic spirit which it called forth, a warfare with social cowardice; but persecution, at least in legal form, having ceased in England, those beautiful martyrdoms which hallowed and regenerated society have ceased too. There was lately a discussion why the Quakers as a sect were declining. Quakerism was the last product of the stupendous puritanic revolt; it was a magnificent apotheosis of individuality. During this baptism of peril and of pain Quakerism was continually renewed. The baptism at an end, Quakerism is dying. If the aristocratic constitution of English society remains unchanged, and if no sanctifying peril or pain visits our sluggish, selfish English existence, we see not how the English nation can be saved from most tragical decay.

Our author, perhaps from deficient culture and experience more than deficient insight, deals with effects, not causes. With the instinct of the right he can smite the phases, but he cannot pierce down to the fallacies. In vain we obtain political reforms if the national is still to be subordinated to the aristocratic. At our schools and universities the art chiefly learned is the art of tuft-hunting. A very silly phrase is now current—"Muscular Christianity"—which is intended to convey to us that man has a body as well as a soul, a discovery surely not now made for the first time. Why not, instead of babbling about muscular Christianity, proclaim the Evangel of indomitable manhood? This is the oldest, and it will always be the newest of all Evangels. In one shape or another it is the only Evangel which every foremost moral or religious reformer has preached. Instead of a false godliness let us have a real manliness, and then a real godliness will also be the fruit and the victory. Our author, for whom we have a sincere respect, and who has undoubted talent, though somewhat imprisoned by the provincial and the sectarian, talks of referring every thing to what he calls the sacred oracles. This is the merest rubbish. The thralls of conventionalism in England are familiar enough with the Bible, and assuredly the Bible is not favourable to conventionalism. But there is a more sacred oracle than the oracle of Hebrew or Greek books, and that is the oracle in the bosom of the individual man.

Indeed, the Bible—though through no fault of the Bible—is one main cause of conventionalism. It holds a prominent place among our idols of the past. In England, what reigns is a superstitious regard for the prescriptive and the traditional, and Englishmen bow to the Bible—not because it is a breath of life from long-vanished ages, but because it is supposed to contain a code of infallible doctrine. There is no deliverance for our race, when our race has wandered far into abomination and iniquity, but by an appeal to the simple faculties of the individual, apart from every tradition and prescription. We show to our brother the manliness wherewith we ourselves are clothed and panopied; we urge him to stand and combat in kindred manliness beside us. It is sad that the freest things are most turned to slavery—that the most living things are most turned into instruments of death. In England, above every other realm, the free things have been changed into tyrants, the living things into the disseminators and multipliers of death. And now we have arrived at the point when no Englishman dares to act as his conscience tells him, and when no woman dares to obey the impulses of her heart without being torn to pieces by her sisters. What has supreme empire at this moment in England? Fatalism. Now, what is

Fatalism—that curse of curses? It is no fact of the universe, but it is the gradual surrender of our individuality to the sway of circumstances. One apostle of truth after another drops, in these days, into the devouring gulf of circumstances. A social reformer, of some eminence and of unquestionable benevolence, went so far as to declare that man is the mere creature of circumstances. The decorous English world blasphemed him as a blasphemer, for merely putting into distinct and intelligible words its own creed. If men were in degrading servitude to the pith, the fulness, the vitality of the past, there would be little to say. A living past is so much in harmony with a living present, that they may be regarded as one. But men now are the leprous helots to the mere letter of the past. The prophet, as the teacher and redeemer of mankind, has no ancestors. He speaks what the Holy Ghost within him speaks. Well for him if he does not even know that there has ever been a prophet on the earth before. Our author is certainly no prophet: but he is useful in proving what the prophet should be. When an author devotes a solid, substantial duodecimo to anathematising social mischiefs, to sympathizing with social miseries, then refers us always to the sacred oracles,—meaning a score or two of fragments written we know not when or by whom, and armed with no more authority than their intrinsic worth confers and commands, we marvel much whether the said author has ever found out that it was not the sight of food which first gave him his appetite for his dinner.

Wishing to part on good terms with the writer of this volume, who, though clever and critical, sharp and shrewd, has much to learn as thinker, writer, worshipper, man, we take the liberty of informing him that there have been other sacred oracles besides those of the Jews; other mysteries besides those fulminating through the clouds of Mount Sinai; other miracles besides those rendering Palestine a Holy Land. Seeing that all external revelations are equally credible or incredible, we are compelled to turn to the God within; and the God within teaches us that when fools, or knaves, or cravens lay on our shoulders the burden of their conventional laws and conventional customs, our duty, our destiny is to forget the past, and to shout to creation that one individuality—our own—still survives.

TEMPER OF THE FRENCH.

THERE are few of the French departments with which we are not familiar, and in some seventy or eighty of them—first, second, and third-rate towns—it has been our lot to sojourn for some time during the last few years; not, we believe, without gathering something more of the real feeling of France towards England than can be picked up by ordinary Parisian correspondents, who collect the *on dits* of the capital, and often do not give themselves the trouble of even examining the departmental journals. To speak briefly, we have done this without detecting in France, generally, much of the intense ill-feeling, or those inextinguishable memories of Waterloo which many believe to exist, waiting for an outbreak, sooner or later, only to be quenched by war. Almost without exception, we have found the mercantile and middle classes most anxious for peace, and for a good understanding between the two countries; the peasantry indifferent, with far more envy of the neighbouring field, if better than their own, than of the prosperity of their neighbour nation; and with far more dread of additional conscription and taxation than of DERBYS and PALMERSTONS. Where we met with ill feeling, it was often the result of the most absurd and unfounded rumours. Few Englishmen have any idea of the ridiculous nature of these, or of the extent to which they run amongst our neighbours. We will give two instances. A Lancer of the Guard informed us that it was the general belief of a large portion of the French army, when in Italy, that vast money subsidies had been sent from England to the Austrian camp. This report had spread like wildfire throughout the French quarters, producing the most violent irritation; and we had the greatest difficulty, though aided by some of his own countrymen, in convincing him of the folly of any such rumour. This nonsense is only equalled, or surpassed, by a statement made to us by a French professional man of more than ordinary intelligence on most points, that the French Emperor was entirely indebted for his first success to the generosity of Queen VICTORIA; and that he had made his first attempts at supremacy with pockets filled with English gold. We may blunder sometimes on this side of the Channel, but such ridiculous reports as these, begotten by mischief or ignorance—and there may be scores of them—could scarcely for two days co-exist with an enlightened and liberal press; and we commend this to the attention of our neighbours, with the additional remark, that if the same care were taken about their suppression that is sometimes exercised by the police about more trifling matters, even such nonsense as this would not be allowed to do its modicum of mischief.

That there has been more ill humour in the Capital than in the departments we do not deny. The French, when they have much intercourse, soon talk themselves into a paroxysm, and, thanks to their mobility, which acts both ways, as soon forget it. Our contemporaries seem scarcely to remember what a few years back passed, and passed over, without serious results. In the latter years of that king who was called the policeman of Europe, when LOUIS NAPOLEON was only enacting the part of special policeman in St. James's, we have the following entries in the diary of a resident in Paris:—

"All French society is for war."

"The mob attacked Lord Granville's carriage, crying, 'à bas les Anglais,' and the Municipal Guard had to protect him."

"English scholars are driven out of the schools by the French ones."

"The French Cabinet was divided; four for war, and four for peace."

We have only taken the liberty of slightly abbreviating these entries of Mr. RAIKES, and we commend them to alarmists, to show what we have tided over, when the memory of Waterloo was some few years fresher than it is now; in fact, jealous neighbours may go on, decade after decade, growling and showing their teeth without biting, as History cannot help showing, fond as she is of confining her views to the details of downright and practical quarrel. The main causes of recent dissatisfaction in Paris have been the indefatigable *ad captandum* attacks of a large portion of the English press on the French Emperor; the indecent yells of triumph in an English court of law on the acquittal of a man concerned in a ruthless massacre of innocent people, of whom the Empress might have been one; and the refusal of England to bear a hand in the Italian campaign—and, strange to say, the last of the three seems to have been the most offensive to the *ouvrier* class, who are the most noisy and menacing. This we gathered often enough from their own mouths, and from the owner of a *cabaret* much frequented by the *ouvriers*, who, according to his account, were for war with England, almost to a man. We have heard equally hostile language, and scarcely more polite, from the mouths of the aristocratic *extreme* of French society, but that is an old grudge, far less dangerous, which has smouldered so long that it may smoulder still.

As to the army, we do not see, with the firm hand which at present bridle it, why it may not be made to acquiesce in peace as well as our own, which is certainly quite as fond of fighting, though, perhaps, not quite so fond of glory; though we have, it must be confessed, more of the amusement and change of colony service—to men of active minds and bodies no bad substitute for fighting.

That a large proportion of the officers of the French army—that those of the soldiers who have voluntarily committed themselves to a life of military service instead of merely to their eight years of conscription—that the Zouaves, those *enfants gâtés*, pets of Paris—may have a chronic desire for war, and especially for war with England, we do not deny; and we may add, perhaps, many of the soldiers of the Guard, as more fully imbued with the military spirit; though amongst these classes we have certainly found exceptions; indeed, an instance of a Zouave just occurs to us, whom we met at La Grande Chartreuse, in Dauphiny, and who said that such had been the treatment which he and some of his comrades had received from English officers in the Crimea, that he would as soon fight for an Englishman as a Frenchman. Another of these heroes, whom a Paris *ouvrier* on the grand *entrée* of the troops was endeavouring to stimulate by a prophecy of war with England, declined seeing any reason for it whatever. There is, we believe and trust, a good deal of this leaven even in the most warlike part of the French army, though not quite enough of it.

Of the ordinary soldier of the line, who would often buy himself out if he could afford it, who leaves his family and his employment with reluctance, and looks to the termination of his service with pleasure, the case is very different. It is true and creditable to him that he bears himself as bravely in the field as those who, having an appetite for war, have made themselves soldiers, and continued so of their own free will—a fact little considered when French troops are compared with English; but it is absurd to suppose that this man has *proprio motu* any earnest desire for war with England, or, indeed, for war at all; and there are circumstances under which he would have the greatest objection to it.

Our political economists, in viewing the question of the reduction of the duties on French wines, seem scarcely to have thought of the special effect which such a measure, whether on other grounds desirable or not, would be likely to have, on a very large portion of the French army—the sons and brothers of the wine-growing families in France. A young Frenchman's family feeling is almost as strong as his national one. WRAXALL, the historian of the House of VALOIS, has said that this family affection is one of the few virtues that survive in France when all others seem extinguished; and we believe that he says so with truth. One of the commonest sights during the off hours, in a French *salle à manger*, is that of the *garçon* inditing at some side table a letter to father, mother, or sister in the provinces: the possession of a little ancestral property, a homestead, keeps up this feeling amongst the poorer classes to a far greater degree than exists among ourselves. We do not believe that a young French soldier would take part with pleasure in a war which materially damaged the prosperity of the old folks, and the brothers and sisters at home. Whatever hatred the first NAPOLEON incurred in France was mainly owing to his reckless disregard of this family feeling.

In conclusion, it is as well to state that none of the considerations here stated ought to throw England off her guard against possible, if not probable, contingencies, or dissuade from that solid system of self-defence which she is wisely though tardily adopting.

JUNIUS.*

WHO was the Man in the Iron Mask? Did Lady Packington write the "Whole Duty of Man"? Was Bishop Gauden the author of "Eikon Basilike"? Who was the father of the old Pretender? Was not Perkin Warbeck king of England *de jure*? Who in good truth are Annus of Viterbo, George Psalmanazar, and Damberger? Has any one seen the original Ossian MSS.? Is it pos-

* Preface to "Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual," and article "Junius in the same." Part V. H. G. Bohn, 1860.

sible to solve the mysteries of the ill-fated Alexis of Russia, of Count Konigsmark, or of Don Carlos of Spain? Here are a few literary knots to disentangle. A man cannot have read very far into the histories of nations, literature, or of art, without meeting with them. They are unravelled periodically only to be unravelled afresh; they are solved and resolved, opened and shut, tied and untied, over and over again. Some of them, indeed, have been rudely snapped in two, but they were weak in the warp; such were the Rowley and Ireland forgeries—such, perhaps, George Psalmanazar, although about him a nucleus of mystery is still adherent. But, for the most part, they defy solution, or resolution; and probably will do so long after we have been resolved into our native elements.

Toughest, most interesting and most absorbing, and, we had nearly said, most important of all these, is that vexed question of Junius, which our foremost bibliophile has just now again resuscitated. It will be perhaps best, in our consideration of it, to go hurriedly over the occasion of the Letters, their celebrity, and their many editions.

Commencing, possibly, with Lily's "Euphues," certainly strengthened by the weighty writings of Milton, the thoughtful studiousness of Burton's "Democritus Junior," and the splendid passages of Sir Thomas Browne, a Latin style had sprung up in the literature of the country as far differing from the pure natural Saxon tongue as the *Camelia Japonica* does from our own sweet-scented wild thyme. The faults only of great writers are reproduced by their copyists; their beauties escape them or dwindle down to mannerisms. Thus, all that remained to the newspaper writer of the day was a heavy stilted style, an attempt at a Latin arrangement, and, finally, the Roman name with which he signed his letter to the "printer"—the word "editor" was then unknown—of the paper in which he wrote. Thus "Cato," "Seneca," "Augustus," "Sempromius," "Brutus," and even "Cicero," were brought into play, and sold their venal effusions at so much per column, to slaver, bepraise, or vilipend and bespatter the ministry.

About this time also occasion arose for a great writer—and "whenever did our England want for men?" One arose who, on the 21st of January, 1769, printed his first letter in the *Public Advertiser* (Lord Campbell constantly calls it the *Daily Advertiser*), under the signature of JUNIUS. These letters continued for more than three years, and, since collected, have become a part of our standard literature. The name of their author has been ever since concealed under his pseudonym; not even his rank or position is known; they are merely guessed at. In the meantime, thirty-nine claimants have been put forward for the honour of having written or partly written the letters, and each of these have had their partisans; whilst over and above them, eleven more names have been mentioned, so that just fifty people have been suspected; amongst whom are one duke, two earls, one bishop, six lords, our greatest historian Gibbon, our first orator Burke, and several foremost men; such as Grattan, John Wilkes, John Horne Tooke, Colonel Barré, Single-speech Hamilton, and Horace Walpole. The claims of many of these are manifestly absurd, but it is worth while just calling to mind the state of the question. Let us also recollect that the occasion was worthy of the letters. Great excitement prevailed in the nation; the American colonies were being, by the obtuseness of the ministers, steadily poked into a flame of revolt; new taxes were imposed; the king was retrograding towards despotism; the judges were overawing juries, dictating to them, and, as now, ready to talk very loudly about their uselessness; the press was alternately bullied and cajoled, and, in consequence, to quote Lord North, "overflowed the land with its black gall, and poisoned the minds of the people."

Into this *mêlée* Junius leaped. He discarded the ponderous manner of the day; was not careful to place his verb last, or, like Robertson the historian, to let the sense meander through a page of prose; to use involution after involution; to confuse his relatives and antecedents; and to appear only careful to use as many figures of rhetorical composition, apostrophe, periphrasis, metabasis, climax, prosopopœia, and eponymy as he could. Junius, on the contrary, cut up his sentences shortly. He stated facts or arguments tersely; did not waste words. His axioms were not expanded, but so briefly put that many of them yet serve for copy-book slips. "By persuading others, we convince ourselves;" "There is a mistaken zeal in politics as well as religion;" "The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision;" "The king's honour is that of his people;" "Private credit is wealth; public honour is security." These, with many others, first from the pen of Junius, now form part of the language of the country. But, in the meantime, his philosophical maxims were more acceptable than his political ideas. The nation was charmed with his letters. Booksellers pirated them, and broad sheets with them on were sold by hawkers in remote country places. "A new letter by Junius," shouted the "flying posts" of the day, and quiet people rushed from their firesides to buy the dainty morsel, to be stirred by its eloquence, and to be moved by its satire, epigram, and merciless force and sarcasm. Junius seemed to know every court and political secret: he exposed every job; he attacked the minister in his council, the judge on the bench, the king upon the throne. Truly they all deserved it, and the lash of the censor descended on their backs. Prosecution of the printer, Mr. Woodfall, did no good—the fine was paid, or the jury would not convict. The printer of the *North Briton* went to the pillory in a hackney coach, numbered 45—selected on account of the celebrated number for which he suffered—and affixed a boot to the side of the frame of punishment, in which the sum of £200 was collected for his benefit. Sir William Draper, and other gentlemen who wrote with a fatal ease, rushed to the rescue of the Court, and tried to taunt Junius to lay aside his mask, but they only got

cruelly mangled for their pains. Lord Mansfield had a passage of arms, and was terribly worsted. "How comes this Junius," said Burke, in one of his most splendid orations, "to have broke through the cobwebs of the law, and to have ranged uncontrolled, unpunished through the land? The myrmidons of the Court have long been pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or upon you, when the mighty boar of the forest that has broke through all their toils is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he strikes down another dead at his feet! When I saw his attack upon the king, my blood ran cold. . . . Yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths by which a wise prince might profit. But while I expected from this daring flight final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both Houses of Parliament! . . . Not content with carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate, and King, Lords, and Commons thus become but the sport of his fury."

There is much confusion in terms here; a royal boar of the forest could hardly "rise and bear away" in his "pounces" (talons?) a royal eagle, and dash it against a rock; but the passage pictures what the nation felt. The glory and utility of Junius culminated with the letter to the King. He had vindicated the freedom of the press; he had exposed the jobbery of courts; he had censured the maladministration of justice; he had added to the elevation of thought and the freedom of Englishmen. On January 21st, 1772, the last letter of Junius—that to Chief Justice Mansfield—was published; Woodfall, the printer, receiving his last note from him just one year, all but two days, after this, viz., on January 19th, 1773; and these, with all original manuscript letters, were recently offered to the nation by Mr. H. D. Woodfall, for £500.

It was during the time in which the Letters were still attracting notice in the *Public Advertiser*, that the question, "Who was Junius?" arose. Burke, Sackville, Gibbon, and other living men, were accused of the authorship, and one by one denied the imputation. "I should be proud of the letters, but they are not mine," said Burke. "There are many splendid passages which I should be glad to own, many of which I should be ashamed," wrote Lord George Sackville. "My secret is my own, and it shall die with me;" these were the words of Junius in his preface. Again he says: "If I am a vain man, my vanity is contained in a narrow boundary; I am the sole depository of my secret, and it shall die with me." This remarkable passage occurs in that preface which Junius furnished for Woodfall. Hungry printers had been before him; spurious edition after edition had appeared, and Woodfall himself was obliged to come into the field in self-defence.

In the last part of the new edition of "Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual" will be found a valuable list of the editions, or rather of the chief portion of them; and in addition Mr. Bohn publishes some four columns of papers, pamphlets, and books, written with the object of discovering Junius.

Mr. Bohn also makes the following statement of a probable discovery; which, however, we do not see leads to anything substantial in the way of proving who really wrote the Letters of Junius. He tells us that in July, 1850, he was called upon to value or rather to inspect the political papers, manuscripts, and a library of books, at No. 3, St. James's Square, under a pressure of circumstances which required that the inspection should be done within an hour. That on seeing the library he perceived a strong indication of politics of the time of George III., and that he remembered that he was in the precincts of Junius, and searched for the vellum bound copy, but without success. That the older part of the books had been taken away, but in the MSS. room were two large brown paper parcels, and a great number of letters from the Earl of Holderness and from Sir William Draper, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Chatham, the Grenvilles, Lord North, and Lord George Sackville. There was also a draft of a letter signed "Lucius," one of the pseudonyms of Junius, to the Duke of Grafton, in the well-known upright handwriting attributed to Junius. That, "feeling that he was in the path of discovery," he (Mr. Bohn) offered five hundred pounds for the MSS. and as much more for two large parcels, weighing at least a quarter of a hundredweight each, sealed at every aperture, and prominently marked "Most Secret" on all sides. That he was promised these in case they should be for sale, but that in the following October he learnt that the papers had been claimed by the Duke of Leeds, and that they had been deposited in the strong room of a banker, with the possibility of coming out at the end of six years. He now presumes that they are immured in the family archives.

This is positively all, and we must say that we are sorry to hear that the Duke of Leeds hath deposited these papers with his bankers, being well informed that, very recently, on the transfer of the business of a very old-established firm, two boxes of original letters and writings of a known divine of the latter end of the seventeenth century were committed to the flames. Such may be the fate of these papers, in which it is supposed the secret of the authorship of Junius is now buried.

To particular booksellers, perhaps, the discovery of this long-sought secret might be of value, but to the public it can be of little. The spirit of the Letters has entered into the nation. They have formed and produced other and greater writers. They have given the manner to our leading articles. They have laid down principles which it is well to recur to when courteous scribes forget their honesty, and judges and lawyers generally exalt the privileges of one class to the injury of the other in our constitution. We are no great losers by the author retaining his *nom de plume*—we should pro-

bably only gain by the discovery of the rank, place, and real name of the writer, a volume or so of tittle-tattle and gossip, the recent specimens of which forbid us to hope for any addition of the kind.

REASON AND RELIGION.*

FROM the title of this book it would not be easy to guess its object. The work is an elaborate attack on Christian doctrine, and especially on the Christian evidences. We can no more question the author's profound convictions than his excellent intentions; his absolute fairness and charitable spirit than his learning and ability. Every one who without arrogance, vanity, or fanaticism utters what he conceives to be the truth, deserves our respect, and as we discern nothing but noble motive in M. Disdier we applaud his courage and frankness. But we wholly disagree with him as to the matter in debate. We are familiar enough, from the arguments of the Unitarians and of other rationalistic sects, with the attempt to demonstrate that in religion reason should be the chief guide. But they who take it for chief guide end by having no religion at all. It was Protestantism which first propounded the monstrous heresy in opposition to the principle of authority, that the empire of reason in religion should be unlimited and unconditional, and an exaggerated Protestantism preaches the heresy with such furious zeal that men rush back to authority to escape from the intolerable din. In truth, however, neither reason nor authority should have exclusive dominion in religion, or rather they ought to be banished therefrom altogether. Religion is the creation and the utterance of the heart, and of the phantasy; its reign and its rapture are in those vast, wondrous, and mysterious recesses of the soul, whither reason and authority can never come. Religion spurns dogmas, and disclaims the so-called evidences which are so ostentatiously paraded in its favour. Just so far then as the Christian religion accords with universal religion, just so far as it springs from and appeals to the heart and the phantasy, just so far and no further can it demand our recognition, our homage. As regards the supernatural and the miraculous, the Christian doctrine occupies exactly the same ground of probability or improbability as any other religious doctrine. It is not always easy to ascertain what the Christian religion is. If it means the life and the words of Christ, then arise those questions which Strauss and others have agitated. If it means the opinion of an individual, the creed of a sect, the decrees of a Church, we are bewildered in the wearisome and boundless chaos. If it means humanity's highest attainable ideal, then it is convenient, but not correct, to designate that ideal by the general name of Christianity. Much of our modern culture, many of our grandest thoughts we have derived from the Greeks and Romans, and not from the Gospel; and not a little which is attributed to the Gospel belongs and has always belonged to human nature. Those are the best Christians—indeed, we believe them to be the only Christians worthy of Christ, who take the Gospel as food to the inner life, and who, dwelling in this inner life, shrink from controversy as a curse and a crime. They are pure and lofty beings, who would have been fervently and fruitfully pious, in every age, in every clime, and whatever the ritual or the faith. Now M. Disdier overlooks this class altogether. He wanders into the polemical, the theological region, and thinks that when he has put to flight the ghosts and slain the giants he meets there, that he has gained a marvellous victory. But every religion is vindicated as long as it is spiritually alive, morally potent and productive. So that if, by the most valiant and overwhelming logic, you could show that it is supremely irrational, it will boldly defy you by the simple fact that it continues to exist. Men in the mass are supremely irrational, so that the supremely irrational is by itself not objectionable in their eyes. Passion, imagination, and custom influence and impel them infinitely more than Reason's frigid and pedantic dictates. We would debar neither M. Disdier nor any one from the critical, the controversial. If, however, their aim is to overthrow superstition, let them war, not with its absurdities, but with its immoral results. Men may be induced to renounce the absurd, because it is the immoral, but never because it is the absurd. The critic and the controversialist attack the absurd—the prophet, in the true sense of the word prophecy, attacks the immoral. And this is how religious revolutions, religious revelations, come. Religion, as the deepest and divinest of realities, is entwined with every thing which a community is, and feels, and does. If, then, in the affairs of religion we make ridicule or logic a test, how are we to sever what is religious from what belongs to the very essence of the community? Your logician is a very limited animal, though M. Disdier is unimpeachable as a logician. M. Disdier is a Genevese advocate. We know, from long residence, more about Geneva than most Englishmen. As the city of Calvin, as a bulwark of the Reformation, as the birth-place of Rousseau, as the gorgeous centre of the sublimest scenery in the world, as notable from literary associations as well as from the industrial energy of the people, Geneva would have enchanted us, even if we had not dwelt there at the season of our young and wild romance. Now, intellectual infidelity abounds at Geneva, for it is within a few miles of Ferney, and it has the Voltairean taint as much as if Voltaire were still lord at Ferney. Nevertheless religion is so much an everlasting and almighty force, that while the whole ideas of the Genevese are sceptical their whole habits are religious. In no other Protestant land is religion so gladly and serenely beautiful. The Lake, the Salève, the Jura, the far but fervent purple of Mont Blanc's majesty, make a temple, even if no worship or wor-

shipper were there. M. Disdier must be the most courageous of modern men to debate the credibility of the Christian religion, his brow hallowed, his path irradiated by environments so stupendous. Let it not be said that we are appealing to a silly and shallow sentimentalism. In these days sentimentalism has very various meanings. It may mean that you read Dickens, and are a simpering, selfish fool; or it may mean that you are one of Nature's conservatives. There is a sickly sympathy for the woes of the present—there is a chivalrous reverence for the deeds, the convictions, even the prejudices of the past. Of the first, Dickens is the poet, the orator, the representative. Of the second, Scott; who has a not unworthy successor in James Hannay. A real, a lofty enthusiasm brushes sentimentality aside. It has a right, a vocation, old as the universe, from all the gods, to do so. But that which is the duty of enthusiasm, may be the impudence of criticism and the blunder of controversy. In short, the sum of results which the world has conquered up to this hour, are not the weeds rotting on the soil, they are the soil itself. M. Disdier, though a good, an honest, a most estimable man, mistakes the weeds for the soil. We do not condemn him; we pity him. Even if a man is neither a critic nor a controversialist, he cannot be satisfied with the mode in which Christianity is now presented to mankind. We have a church, the richest in the world, and the poorest: the richest in only one sense, the poorest in every sense. We have Little Bethel yelling and kicking with impunity, the policeman having no right to interfere. We have Christ the self-sacrificing, the crucified, presented every Sunday as the safest and most profitable investment, Heaven being placed at the head of the Insurance Offices. We have Mr. Binney, and Mr. Spurgeon, and Dr. Cumming, and hosts besides, who teach us never to trust God unless he can bring the very best security. Lessing said, and it is more suggestive and salutary than clever sayings usually are, that the religion of Christ and the Christian religion are by no means the same thing. May we not even say that they are the direct and deadly antagonisms of each other? How seldom now is Christianity anything more than a conventionalism, a cant, a mask, the odour and emphasis of a commercial cry, the ornament of a signpost, the embellishment of the *Time's* advertising columns. Men like M. Disdier point to the imposture: we point to the foundations of immensity, behind the imposture. That religion cannot long continue in its present state is obvious to every man of foresight, insight, fervour, piety. When priests are not prophets, prophets turn priests. The idiotic imbecility which the Bishop of London, an old college companion of ours, has, sprawling and sputtering, recently flung on the floor of the House of Lords, symbolises our Christianity, though it does not symbolise Christ, the Son of God, the Son of man. Humbug, though more leniently dealt with than hypocrisy, is worse than hypocrisy. In these days we are not Pharisees, but we tolerate the Pharisees. Are we better than the Pharisees, my friends? Verily, we are worse. Yet, hurling our most ferocious hate at humbug and hypocrisy, kneeling lowly to the Infinite and merciful God, we tear ourselves in anger from the critics and the controversialists, and wish that the outspoken, unselfish Henri Disdier were not one of them.

COUNT CAVOUR.*

ANY account of the life of the great Sardinian Premier must be interesting at this time. Mr. Cooper, of the University of London, has here compiled, from "a continental source of unquestionably high authority," as he states, a serviceable memoir "of one of the most remarkable and successful of living constitutional statesmen." That Count Cavour should merit such a name is rather singular, for the traditions and example of the patrician family to which he belonged lay altogether in the opposite direction. His father had become indeed conspicuous for immoderate stiffness and tenacious cleaving to the old state system. The family is one of the oldest and wealthiest in Piedmont, but it is believed came originally from Savoy. Count Camillo Benso di Cavour was born at Turin on 10th August, 1810; and it is said that a sister of the Emperor Napoleon, the Princess Maria Pauline Borghese, stood sponsor for him at his baptism. He was educated by the Abbé Frézet; and, as his second son, was destined by his father to the military career, and trained accordingly in the Royal Military Academy at Turin. He was recommended thence to the Court of Charles Felix as a page, but proved too independent for the situation. He studied mathematics, and was much encouraged by Plana, the astronomer, but not by his family, who regarded his studious habits as unfitting him for playing "a noble part in the world, i.e. at Court, or to spend an immense fortune in a way suitable to his rank." Living alternately at the capital and on the landed estates of his family, the Count acquired a practical knowledge of agriculture, and was the first landed proprietor in Piedmont who made trial of guano. At length he determined on a voyage to London, and remained here many years, and thus grew thoroughly acquainted with the English nobility and institutions. He visited our most important manufacturing localities, and acquired an ample knowledge of the internal economy of the factories, and the improvements made in machinery. He returned to Turin in 1842, where he succeeded in establishing a great Agricultural Society, which exists to this day as the *Società Agraria*, and in its *Journal*, down to the year 1847, recorded the improvements made from time to time in English husbandry. He also established a first-class political daily paper, *Il Risorgimento*, through which the nature of the English constitution acquired the popularity which it has since enjoyed in Piedmont.

* *Conciliation Rationnelle du Droit et du Devoir.*—Par HENRI DISDIER. Two Volumes. London: John Chapman.

* *Count Cavour. His Life and Career.* By BASIL H. COOPER, B.A. (Judd and Glass).

It was in 1848 that demonstrations began to be made in Sardinia against the Jesuits; and, by the efforts of Count Cavour, "the royal gift of a constitution" was obtained from the monarch. The war of independence followed, in which Count Cavour was called on for the full exercise of his characteristic prudence. His reliance was upon England;—and his dread the ultra-democrats of his own country, by whom he was thoroughly hated. The defeat of Novara, however, made his services needful, and placed him in the first rank of Sardinian statesmen. By the middle of 1851, Count Cavour was firmly established in the Cabinet as minister of Agriculture and Commerce, of Naval affairs, and of Finance. Not only in these departments, but in others reform was carried out; for the impulse once given, the movement spread in all directions. Count Cavour carried the victory against the Protectionists, and "at the end of the session handed in a complete report on the improved financial position of the state, which inspired foreign capitalists with sufficient confidence to induce them to conclude with Sardinia a contract for a loan of £3,000,000."

In 1852, Count Cavour again visited England, and also travelled in France, and received honours in both countries. By October of that year, great excitement prevailed in Sardinia on the Civil Marriage question, on which the clerical party had become rampant. Gioberti, too, had just died, and the crisis hastened. Count Cavour was now called on to form a Cabinet. His efforts were directed to the improvement of the national finances; but even so late as 1856 he was nevertheless compelled to have recourse to repeated loans.

We must leave the details of the Oriental War, and the subsequent rupture of Sardinia with Austria to the recollection of our readers. The events are too recent to need or justify repetition. We are not called upon to discuss the condition-of-Italy question in a biographical article. Mr. Cooper has stated it clearly enough in the little volume before us, to which we must refer our readers. To us belongs simply the task of recognising Count Cavour's present return to power. To the language uniformly held, and the sentiments constantly expressed, by the Sardinian Premier, are due the successful position taken by Piedmont against the aggressions of Austria, and the dominion which the former now holds in Central Italy, whether in immediate possession or certain reversion. In his hands now remains to be done what the treaty of Villafranca left incomplete; and to none worthier, or more able, could the destinies of Italy be confided.

SPECULATIVE ROMANCE.*

A TRULY great novel is a rarity that should be estimated by the public at its real value. There is in every department of literature no lack of that stale commodity, mediocrity; but genuine superiority is a jewel as rare as it is costly, and should, as such, be received and welcomed by all who profess admiration for the productions of genius. *Yes and No* is decidedly a most extraordinary novel. The author has enlisted in it powers far above the average order. Evidences of deep thinking and laborious research are visible throughout the three volumes, while the comprehensive mind of the writer is capable of embracing the most abstruse principles. He is also endowed with the rare faculty of demonstrating these principles to others with clearness and perspicuity. Moreover, the eloquent and inspiring language in which the author gradually manifests to the reader his deeper and more subtle thoughts and theories, is rather instrumental in aiding than retarding the progress of the story, and is, in fact, for the full realization of the author's conception, a necessary part of it. In short, the novelist has, in the present instance, amply secured his production from the imputation of heaviness or tediousness, by providing for himself a sure foundation in the form of a stirring and exciting plot. The whole is admirably constructed; not a fault is to be found with the masterly manner in which the events are made to grow, one out of the other, without the slightest deviation from the straight line of nature and consistency. We are carried irresistibly along with the stream of the narrative, gently at first, then growing gradually faster and faster, till we find ourselves enlisted in a perfect whirlpool of excitement, from which we are not allowed to escape till the termination of his journey. The title of this work is curious—*Yes and No*. The reader, as his eye first glances over the page, is puzzled to conjecture what can be the author's motive for such an eccentric heading, and what possible relation it can bear to the contents of the three volumes. He is not, however, left long in doubt; the first two or three chapters are sufficient to enlighten him upon this score, and he speedily discovers that the idea which has evidently suggested the title is not confined to one particular portion of the novel, but is carried consistently through the whole. Indeed, these two significant *paroles* have here been employed in their highest and most comprehensive sense; meaning nothing more nor less than the negative and affirmative of man's whole moral nature. The hero, Ralph Esdaile, a youth of refined temperament and high intellectual capacities, but whose mind, early perverted from the true channel in which its awakening thoughts and faculties ought to expand and flow, becomes a perfect chaos of error, dogmat-

ism, and unbelief. Every noble institution, rendered venerable by the customs and practices of many past generations, is by him ignominiously plucked from its pedestal of honour, and submitted to take its trial at the bar of his own judgment, which he, in his self-infatuation, places foremost in the ranks with the wisdom of sages, whose oracular tongues have long since been silenced. No system of religious belief, from the idolatrous worship of the ancient Egyptians to the very latest amendments of modern Protestantism, elicits the smallest amount of reverence in his wayward, undisciplined heart. He is, in fact, a personified negative. Casting about in "a sea of doubt," he tortures himself with long metaphysical disquisitions, with a view to extinguishing the single gleam of light which still flickers in his nobler nature, till the last remnant of faith in an overruling and omniscient Deity and the immortality of his own struggling soul, is argued and speculated away.

With such tendencies, it is not surprising that Ralph should forfeit the esteem and confidence of most of his companions; and, having once fallen under the suspicion of being an accessory, if not the principal party, concerned in a murder, he should at once be considered guilty by society at large. Immediately after the above outrage our hero disappears, which, of course, is considered as conclusive evidence of his complicity. The author allows us to follow the course of the wanderer into foreign countries. We find him first in the city of Lyons, where he is preparing, in conjunction with Monsieur Roget, to start a French newspaper, entitled, *Les Bouches du Rhone*, through which he contemplates regenerating the world, upsetting every religious and political institution, and making palpable unto all men the indisputable truth as demonstrated in his own wild and fallacious theories. Failing in this, however, he wanders still further, until at last he arrives in the heart of Italy. Here he becomes acquainted with a certain Major Hampden, to whom he discloses the history of his past life and the foul suspicions which compel his temporary banishment from his native city. The two soon become united in the closest bonds of amity and friendship, and Ralph ultimately accompanies his benefactor in a grand tour through Egypt. Previously to this, however, he becomes secretly enamoured of a young lady, whose name he believes to be Effie Craigie, and to whom he had been several times introduced during his residence in Rome. This circumstance, and the death of his patron, which takes place before the termination of their eastern expedition, causes an entire revolution in the mind and sentiments of the young sceptic, who, after much suffering, gradually becomes convinced of the folly of his former speculations, and thereupon renounces for ever the unsatisfactory, turbulent, and ever-perplexing "No," for the diviner, purer, heaven-born principle shadowed forth in the spirit-trusting "Yes." By the indefatigable exertions of his brother Frederick, Ralph's innocence of the crime formerly laid to his charge is indisputably proved; and he returns to England, to discover, alas! that he and his brother are rivals for the love of Clara Maberly, who turns out to be identical with Effie Craigie, for whom our hero had already imbibed so serious, and at the time so hopeless, an attachment. The brothers generously waive their individual claims in favour of each other; but Ralph, whose constitution has been seriously impaired during the last few years, sinks rapidly into a decline, and at last, in the presence of his earthly idol, and in peace and charity with all around him, the "spirit that had battled with a thousand noes" passed into the realm of the "everlasting yea."

The Earl's Cedars is a novel of considerable merit; there is a quaintness about it particularly pleasing; all the characters are well and efficiently developed, and the attention of the reader is never allowed to wander from the real centre of attraction. It is also extremely well written; and the author's descriptive faculties are even more than ordinary. The story is simple, but interesting. Lord St. Lo, a wealthy Irish nobleman, having, two years after the death of his first wife, contracted a second alliance, takes to riotous and disorderly habits, and becomes a perfect tool in the hands of his calculating partner. Lady St. Lo, an unprincipled woman, whose only redeeming point is her passionate love of her own offspring, naturally considers the children of her husband's first marriage as stumblingblocks in the future career of her own. Death comes to her relief in two instances, and one alone remains as a check to the fulfilment of her wishes. This obnoxious individual, Lady Honoria, a young lady of engaging manners and singularly excitable temperament, becomes thereupon the sole object of her stepmother's evil machinations. We will not spoil the reader's enjoyment, in case he should happen at some future period to peruse this interesting little romance, by revealing the whole of this shameless woman's perfidious scheme. Suffice it to say, that, after a great deal of misery and vexation on all sides, the whole comes to a highly agreeable and satisfactory conclusion.

The Stepmother is a very neat and well-sustained story; though unpretending in its general details, yet decidedly interesting. The plot principally turns upon a young Protestant lady, who is induced, by a designing cousin, to embrace for a time the tenets of the Roman Catholic faith. Under these circumstances, she enters, as a temporary shelter, the convent of Notre Dame Dominiciennes in Malta, and is afterwards forcibly and illegally detained by its Superiour. Ultimately, however, she obtains her release, and retribution is dealt upon all who had wilfully abused and mis-guided her.

Atheline; or, the Castle by the Sea, is also a meritorious production; and we have no doubt that the tone of piety which pervades the whole of this pleasant little romance will meet with the genuine sympathy of all who peruse its well-filled pages.

* *Yes and No; or, Glimpses of the Great Conflict*. Three vols. Macmillan and Co.

The Earl's Cedars. Two vols. L. Booth.

The Stepmother; or, Will She be a Nun. By FLORENCE. One vol. James Blackwood.

Atheline; or, The Castle by the Sea. By LOUISA STEWART. Two vols. J. H. and James Parker.

A MODERN ARCADIA.*

VIRGIL'S *Georgics* have been aptly called the "Glorification of Labour." The work of Madame Dudevant, before us, might be in a similar way characterised as the "Glorification of Dughills." The authoress divides mankind exhaustively into those whose highest aspirations point to a palace, and those who sigh for a thatched cottage; and then proceeds to argue that the former class have had their best and truest instincts crushed by the false demands and miserable vanities of an artificial civilization. In a straw-roofed hut, with a dung-heap before the door, in which the Cochins scratch amicably for their daily subsistence, and where children and pigs enjoy together salubrious though dirty gambols; where the doors have no locks, because all around are honest, and do not shut because nobody does what everybody else may not see; where no book, emblem of a destructive refinement, ever penetrates, because the book of nature is ever at hand for constant perusal and re-perusal; where, although there are vast swarms of beetles, caterpillars, and noxious flies, their victim has at least the satisfaction of knowing that they are to be found in no other locality—in such circumstances only may man hope to recover that "grace and solemnity" which distinguish him from the brute of the field. It will be perceived that this is a slight modification of Rousseau's celebrated doctrine, that if man would, indeed, become the generous and noble being that nature intended him to be, he must return to his primitive wildness—a doctrine, as Comte ingeniously points out, which exactly corresponds with the theological dogma of the fall of man. The moral of the book before us is that, in order to cultivate a virtuous simplicity, and gain a right appreciation of the wonders of nature and the universe, it is necessary to quit the crowded city or busy town for the half-civilized hamlet, or even solitary cottage; that the rude peasant, in short, is a more admirable and a more enviable character than the polite and educated citizen. If, therefore, George Sand's theory have any real foundation, the deterioration of mankind has been gradually going on since his first creation, or, as the authoress would perhaps prefer, since his first development into a distinct species, and is even now going on with continually accelerating speed. Without at all entering into the abstruse question of the origin of society and of the ultimate end of our race, we maintain that Madame Dudevant's view on the advantages of rusticity and the superiority of the peasant is ill-founded, and may be traced to a morbid discontent, which is not altogether surprising in a person whose influence and attractions are not what they have been. Like Madame Pernelle in Molière's "Tartufo,"

"Au monde qui la quitte elle veut renoncer."

Be this as it may, are we to accept the writer's eulogistic description of the ordinary peasant life? Is the farm-labourer the honest, independent, and sagacious being who is introduced to us in these pages as the inhabitant of the wildest parts of Berry? He may be so in Berry, but when the case is enlarged into a broad generalisation of rude life in all countries, we must protest against it. In England, for instance, no one who was desirous of cultivating that "grace and solemnity" which constitute the best part of his character, according to George Sand, would think of doing so by pitching his tent in the most sequestered hamlet of Cornwall or Buckinghamshire. The delightful prospect of the dungheap and the "Cochinchines" and the pigs might indeed be a strong temptation; yet we suspect the philosopher would scarcely think his lines had fallen in pleasant places, or that he would here be likely to make much progress in the acquisition of grace and solemnity. The plain truth is, that in most places the peasant is endowed with a vulpine craftiness which would prevent our calling him honest, whilst it does not entitle him to the name of sagacious; and his independent straightforwardness most frequently displays itself in a superstitious reverence for the parson, cringing servility to the lord of the manor, and coarse rudeness to a stranger. We do not say this is invariably the case, but it is the rule; nor, indeed, can we be surprised that it is so, when we reflect how utterly the landed proprietors neglect their bounden duty of educating and civilizing those in an inferior situation whom Providence has placed around or beneath them. We do not blame the rural population for their ignorance and immorality (in attestation of the latter consult the registrar's returns of births for the district), but with what indignation must we not regard the flagrant sins of omission on the part of their richer and more exalted neighbours, who fall into an extreme against which Madame Dudevant's view is a natural, though no less extreme reaction!

The authoress admits that the peasant has all the vices of a man. He has not only all the vices common to his kind, but in addition all those which are the peculiar and inevitable consequence of want of education. The operative in a manufacturing town in Lancashire or Yorkshire, is almost equally neglected by his superiors; still there is something in the incessant activity of machinery which seems to inspire him with a strong desire to emulate it, and he becomes as anxious to preserve his mind as his loom from rust or idleness. The field labourer, on the other hand, pursues his daily toil in the bottom of a ditch, or monotonously lopping branches off a hedge, or wearily driving the plough; his tools are simple enough, and he sees nothing about him calculated to stimulate his inventive or other intellectual faculties: he is surrounded by the glories of the physical universe, it is true, but he has been acquainted with them from his earliest years, and constant familiarity has produced its usual effect of indifference. A town operative in his Sunday

walk through the green fields carries away a more vivid impression of the beauty and mystery of nature, than a rustic who has lived amongst them all his days. Let Madame Dudevant be assured that Arcadia will never again be inhabited, and that man will thrive better amidst "the false wants and weary vanities" of urban civilization, which at least encourages a vital and active development of the highest qualities of his mind.

In spite of the fundamental error, however, these "Village Walks" are pleasant enough to read. On a January day in London, with cold fogs, and a raw air which penetrates to the snugest library, who is not glad of a graceful and animated description of summer rambles and bright scenery in the middle of sunny France? There are one or two gems of thought which are worthy of a better setting. We can only afford space for one.

"Exact and scientific as Chrysalidor is, he yet knows how to experience the joys of the artist, and his understanding is not become atrophied through love of detail. He comprehends and he values the whole. * * * He saw, as one might say, with two eyes: he had one for the sublime aspect of Nature's temple, and the other for those precious gems which adorn its floor and walls." (p. 19.)

We are at a loss to imagine why Madame Dudevant has written this book. Louis Napoleon, employed the skilful conjuror, Robert Houdin, as his ambassador to the Algerines. Does he desire to populate the country at the expense of the towns, and so has hired George Sand to be the advocate of his designs?

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.*

A CONVENIENCE, which almost amounts to a necessity, is supplied to newspaper readers and students of contemporary history in the very complete anatomy of both Houses of the Legislature which is contained in the pages of the *Hand Book of the Court, the Peerage, and the Commons*. The book is compact in size, exceedingly well printed, and arranged so as to give every facility for reference, without trouble, as to any point in doubt; while the information to be derived from it is not only valuable, but also highly interesting. A complete list of the ministry; the officers of all the public departments; the court and royal household; the foreign ambassadors in this country; and our own envoys abroad, is followed by a most accurate and perfect detail of the *personnel* of Parliament, completed up to the middle of the month which has just passed. The roll of peers here given does not consist of a mere list of names and titles; but the leading incidents of each noble lord's career are noticed, and his present and past political opinions, his pensions and decorations, his pocket boroughs, and the livings of which he is the patron, are all described. An even more careful survey has been taken of the House of Commons; and one feature is quite novel: the numbers polled at the last contested election are given in every case, with some account, frequently, of the unsuccessful candidate. The political opinions of the leading men are illustrated by extracts from their speeches, and declarations to their constituents or in the House; the various places each hon. gentleman holds, and has held, are stated; and his connection with influential families (when such exists) is pointed out. Here and there, actually, we find an anecdote turn up; and, throughout, each man's doings in war, diplomacy, or commerce, are chronicled; what honours he bore away at college, what books he has written, to whom he is married, and with how many children he is blessed: all are carefully registered. We are bound in justice to say that by some exceedingly clever process of packing, the compilers have included in this neat pocket volume far more really useful knowledge of our representatives and hereditary lawmakers, than we have obtained from larger and more pretentious works. In addition to the members, we learn also something worth knowing about the constituencies—the number of voters in each—what those voters consist of, and what nobleman or gentleman's influence predominates in each county or borough—all which information, we fear, will continue to be diligently sought after, and carefully treasured for some time to come.

Mr. Lord's *School History of Modern Europe* professes, within the limits of some five hundred pages, to give a sketch of the events of the last three centuries, with their causes and consequences; and, considering the brevity which has of course been necessary, we think he has succeeded in clearly and even forcibly delineating the leading facts. His portraits of the great men who have, from time to time, wielded the destinies of our own and the surrounding nations, are well drawn, and the narrative is written throughout in an agreeable and attractive manner. Mr. Lord appears to have consulted the best authorities on both sides of disputed political questions, and takes an unprejudiced and liberal view of the matter in almost every instance. The edition before us has received large additions; and the history of Europe, America, and India, is now brought down to a period which includes the Crimean War, the Indian revolt, and the French and Sardinian campaign in Italy; concluding with the Peace of Villafranca in July last. The book bears marks of great care in the compilation, and is well adapted for the purpose for which it is designed.

Herr Lebahn's *First German Course* has the great merits of simplicity and brevity, and is well adapted to smooth the difficulties in the way of a young student of German. The author is well known as a compiler of several previous treatises on this subject, which have been favourably received, and in the present instance he is as painstaking and careful as usual. The plan of the book is clear and comprehensive, and divests the study of German of those obscurities with which the student is baffled in less lucid systems. This treatise will be found as useful to those who are studying by themselves, as to those who possess the advantage of a master's instruction.

The extraordinary progress of the British Empire during the last

* *The Hand Book of the Court, the Peerage, and the House of Commons*. (Tenth year.) London: P. S. King; Simpkin and Marshall.

Modern Europe; a School History. By JOHN LORD, A.M. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

A First German Course; containing the Elements of Grammar, with Exercises. By FALCK LABAHN. London: Charles H. Clarke.

Report of Mr. Thomas E. Blackwell, Vice-President &c. of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. London: Waterlow and Sons.

* *Promenades autour d'un Village*. Par GEORGE SAND. Paris: Libraire de L. Hachette et Cie. 1860.

twenty years has been most wonderfully displayed in her magnificent colonies; the gigantic strides which in particular have been made by Canada are forcibly brought before us by the *Report of Mr. Blackwell, Vice-President and Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway*, relative to the position and prospects of that line. The document is one of the most full and elaborate ever issued by a railway company. It is accompanied by a large number of maps, plans, and tabular statements, which will supply the proprietors with an amount of information not to be surpassed except by careful personal inspection. In the year 1849, Canada possessed one railway, of sixteen miles in length—there are now in complete operation upwards of 1,750 miles, of which the main centre is the Grand Trunk line; nor is this the only means of communication by which progress and commerce have been assisted—the canal system for perfecting the navigation of the St. Lawrence has been completed. Within the last ten years the whole municipal system has been thoroughly organized, and is now the most perfect probably in the world. Education is universal, and conducted upon the most approved principles. The feudal tenure in Lower Canada has been abolished; the civil and criminal laws have been revised and amended, and the statutes consolidated into a simple code; while to crown all, an example has been set to the mother country by a reform and extension of Parliamentary representation—the Upper House also being now based upon the elective principle. With such great facts accomplished, the Canadians may well count upon a glorious future; and a very few years at this rate will render "England in the New World" a reality as well as an aspiration.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

(SPECIAL.)

PARIS, February 22nd, 1860.

THE Carnival has come to an end, and Lent fairly begun. It must by no means be supposed that the next forty days are a season of austerity and seclusion from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world: there is not a ball the less, not a whit more fasting, no modification of amorous intrigues, no more church-going, no closing of theatres—all goes on just in the ordinary way, so that really the extravagances of the Carnival have not the same excuse as they had in bygone days, when they were regarded as the outlet of all the animal exuberance, which was to be closely confined for the next six weeks. There can be little doubt, however, that at the present time, religion, even in the observance of its ceremonial part, and in its formalism, is at a lower ebb than it has ever been in France since the great Revolution. In 1790 the Church was abhorred and the priests an object of loathing; in 1860 the one is despised and the other regarded with pity and contempt. The last state is worse than the first, and Catholicism had more to hope from the violence of the eighteenth century, than it has from the quiet neglect of the nineteenth. "Hypocrisy," says FULLER, in one of his wise saws, "is the homage that vice pays to virtue." Well, in France infidelity has ceased to pay even an apparent homage to religion, and few Frenchmen are religious hypocrites, because such hypocrisy would not be worth the trouble. An alarming majority of the well-to-do classes, so far as my own observation extends, frankly and openly profess to believe in nothing beyond what they can see and enjoy, and follow to the letter TERENCE'S injunction, *Carpe diem*. If, however, the observances of the church can be made at any time or in any way a pretext for more than ordinary enjoyment, they are carefully maintained and scrupulously respected. Here is the Carnival for instance, "As we are going to mortify the flesh for six weeks to come, give up balls, never go to a theatre, fast on Wednesdays and Fridays, and do so many other good works, why it is only fair that we should give ourselves a little extra amusement beforehand." A very good argument in itself, but unfortunately based on a fact which is not a fact. Contrary to a great natural law, true beyond the narrow limits of confectionery, the French both eat their cake and have it; for after they have concentrated the enjoyment of six weeks into as many days, they have still their six weeks' enjoyment intact, and they lose no time in seizing it.

The character of a nation can never be more clearly discerned than in their observance of the national holidays. Take an Englishman. His great festival is Christmas; and he keeps it by a family gathering round the family fireside. Is not the chief characteristic of the English the strength of the domestic element? So, in France, the grand holiday is the Carnival, and the people celebrate it in crowded midnight balls, in overflowing theatres, in dazzling cafés, with extravagant costumes, childish pageants, and every other accessory of universal tomfoolery. The true character of the people is fully brought out: gaiety and pleasure are the ends which every Parisian puts before himself; how to secure the most entire immunity from thinking, and at the same time the greatest possible amount of light excitement. The pleasures of the Parisians, after all, are of a sort which you in England would consider undignified and trifling. As I stroll along the Boulevards, I cannot help smiling as I think with what profound contempt the grave London Cit would regard the light-hearted Parisian as he sits in a café, drinking water and sugar, and playing dominoes with his wife, or maybe not his wife. You may walk from the Bastille to the Madeleine, that is, from one end of the Boulevards to the other, and in every one of the three hundred and sixty cafés which are said to exist in that line of streets, you will find a score of people thus employed; and this mild amusement is even more common as you get lower down in the social scale. The workman of the Faubourg St. Antoine may be found doing in the dingy cabaret precisely what his master does in the brilliant café at the "West End." The conversation is in general as light-hearted as everything else. Politics are never mentioned, and if you approach a

little knot of smokers in a café, it is ten to one that you will find them talking about the last new piece at the *Bouffes*; or of the weight of the prize ox, *Solferino*, who has been paraded about Paris for the last three days with a great deal of silly trumpeting and military processions; or of Lord SEYMOUR'S cigars and pictures; or retailing very doubtful anecdotes about some favourite actress. An Englishman would be discussing with judicial gravity the prospects of trade, criticising the details of the Budget, or inveighing against Lord PALMERSTON. I do not believe that the French will be a self-governing people for a very long time to come: they have not time for government, and the majority of them seem to feel very much obliged to the Emperor for saving them the trouble. Let them have their amusements and they are content; they would not greatly concern themselves if every newspaper in Paris (excepting the *Entr'acte*) were suppressed to-morrow; but if the Louvre or the Hotel de Cluny were closed on a Sunday, or if the Emperor were to prevent the admission of the public to the garden of the Tuileries, almost under his own dining-room window, why there would be a revolution in twenty-four hours. At the same time as the stranger walks along the crowded streets he soon sees that NAPOLEON III. is no exception to the general rule—"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." First you stumble against an unshaven, grim-looking *ouvrier*, in his blouse, and who, you fancy, would be a capital hand at a barricade; then you meet a wild Zouave, or Chasseur de Vincennes, or Garde Imperiale, who must have employment somewhere; next, in contrast with the red trousers and bright facings of the son of Mars, you light upon the sable petticoats and shawl hats of the men of peace. These are the three classes whom the Emperor is obliged to restrain, the workmen, the soldiers, and the priests; the first urged on by physical hunger, the second by thirst for glory, and the last by the desire to recover their lost influence and avenge the wrongs of *Pro Nono*—all three together constitute a formidable triumvirate, which will require all the Imperial ingenuity to resist, and which probably, in spite of all, will one day again overthrow the Napoleonic dynasty. At present, to all outward appearance, things are smooth enough. The superb streets and magnificent buildings, which now are rising on every side, and the corresponding demolition of old and narrow alleys, of dilapidated, dingy houses, attest the vigour with which the Emperor is gratifying the pride of the Parisians in the beauty of their city, and at the same time giving employment to thousands of labourers, who would otherwise be giving him a very unpleasant employment. Of course if these wide streets are more commodious for the passage of cannon and the operations of the soldiers than their predecessors were—well, perhaps there is not much harm in that, thinks his Imperial Majesty: in fact, evil-minded persons think that this is his Imperial Majesty's chief object. As for the soldiers, they are tolerably satisfied with the Italian campaign, a satisfaction which, it is to be hoped rather than expected, will continue for some years to come. With the third class, the priests, NAPOLEON has pursued the policy which will probably be less successful than just; and as one looks upon the sullen, crafty aspect of the ecclesiastics as they glide along the streets, it is not difficult to discern the malevolent purposes concealed beneath the priestly garment, and one is reminded that RAVAILLAC, the assassin of HENRY IV., was a priest. As Madame JOURDAIN said, "The sight of them makes me feel as if I had had my dinner."

I think that, on the whole, the feeling of the country is in favour of the Commercial Treaty. All intelligent Frenchmen see more clearly every day that it is for the interest of either nation that France and England should be on friendly terms with one another, and they believe that this treaty will strengthen the *entente cordiale*, to use a cant expression very popular about three years ago, and which is now interpreted by the equally popular "Rifle Corps Movement." With reference to competition, the French are of opinion that for a time the English will be gainers but to a slight extent, and that as soon as matters have taken a position of equilibrium, even "*la nation boutiquière*," the shopkeeper nation itself will be beaten on its own ground. They have superior ingenuity and skill; they think that they have hitherto had insufficient material, which will henceforth be furnished in abundance. The old joke, that the French cooks would be the best in the world if they had any meat, may contain a deeper significance, and the French will perhaps show that they are the best machinists, and the best manufacturers of fabrics in the world when they can procure iron and wool. Well, at all events they think so. The doctrine of Free Trade, in common with most of the scientific truths of political economy, is not at all comprehended by the majority of people in France, and though M. CHEVALLIER has done much to promote this most important branch of science, it will be many years before his teaching will have permeated the national understanding, or brought forth much fruit. Perhaps an extension of commercial relations may contribute more to correct views on this subject than volumes of theory, and such an extension would be secured by the working of the treaty, and by opening to French trade an unlimited field. They do not seem to have any notion that the English parliament may throw the treaty overboard; in fact, they have the most confused notions possible as to what the working of our Executive is, and they, with their extremely *simple régime*, find it difficult to appreciate the complications which surround an English minister. This being the case, it is quite impossible to predict what would be the effect of the rejection of the treaty. This much is quite certain, that every Frenchman you meet, however reasonable and pacific in his views, will not attempt to conceal that the most popular thing with the army would be a war with England; and it is a question how far the disturbance of his intention

with regard to trade, by throwing out the treaty, might lead the Emperor to turn his thoughts to some other source of popularity.

ROME, 16th February, 1860.

SAVOY AND NICE.

THERE has little occurred here during the week of more than local interest, and we are all waiting eagerly to see what the Carnival, which commences this afternoon, may bring forth. I shall, therefore, take this opportunity of writing on a subject which I see is now exciting considerable discussion in the English press. I allude of course to the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France. What degree of truth there may be in the rumours prevailing on the subject, you are as good or a better judge than I can be, whose sole information on the topic is derived from London newspapers of venerable antiquity. Whether the scheme be arranged, or proposed, or rejected, is at present a mystery, about which I suspect even our own Foreign-office is quite in the dark. In Greek verbs there is a mysterious tense, which grammarians designate as the paulo-post-future, and stated by them to express the idea of one event having just occurred, after and subject to the occurrence of another, which is to take place at a future time. Now the Savoy-Nice question seems to me to be exactly in the paulo-post-future tense, and I own that, personally, I have no great fears of its being reduced at present to an intelligible and historical perfect. Still, as the question is interesting, I think that some information I can give on the matter may not be useless.

With our usual ignorance of continental matters, we appear in England to consider both parts of the question, on exactly the same footing, whereas they rest on very different grounds. It is true that, as far as France is concerned, the annexation of either Savoy or Nice may be considered equal proofs of a grasping and ambitious spirit. Subjectively to France, to adopt a metaphysical term, the guilt of either proceeding may be the same objectively towards Europe. The evil of the two courses is of very unequal intensity. A simple illustration will show what I want to prove. Suppose that Great Britain was conquered by an European coalition, and that France proposed to annex Scotland and Ireland. Now the abstract iniquity might be equal in either proposal, but the practical injury to England, and the amount of injustice inflicted on the subjects of the annexation, would be totally dissimilar. Relatively to Sardinia, Savoy occupies the position of Ireland, and Nice that of Scotland.

Savoy is separated from Sardinia by a barrier, which, for purposes of intercourse, is an insurmountable one. During the many centuries in which Savoy has been united with Piedmont, no real union has been established between the two nations. North of the Alps there is nothing Italian in thought, or feeling, or language. In outward appearance, Savoy, as a traveller sees it, is French all over, far more thoroughly French than the provincial part of France is to this day. In the law courts, the churches, and the theatres, French is the only language spoken. The whole commerce of the country is with France. The streams of Savoy all run into the Rhone; and, as I saw remarked the other day in a local Chambery paper, "Where the waters of our river flow, there the affections of our hearts flow also." In fact, if one were to decide *à priori*, what is the best for Savoy, and what Savoy would prefer, I should say, without hesitation, union with France. I am aware, however, that these arguments from the inherent fitness of things, are often fallacious. By all the rules of nationality, and geographical position, and abstract symmetry, the Channel Islands ought to belong to France. They are French islands, occupied by a French race, speaking a French dialect. Their trials and their worship are conducted in French; their newspapers are written in French. What local commerce and trade they have, is with the French coast, which lies in sight. Nevertheless, any one acquainted with Jersey and Guernsey will bear me out in saying that a more cruel injustice could not be inflicted, than in separating them from England. They are more personally loyal, perhaps, than any possession of the British crown. They out-English the English themselves in their pride of nationality and dislike to France. I cannot learn, however, that any such feeling is shown in Savoy, though it may doubtless exist. There are some reasons also for expecting it should not be found there. During the last twenty years, the importance of the Italian possessions of Sardinia has been increasing, and that of the Savoy ones decreasing in an inverse ratio. The Italian policy was not popular in Savoy. The war was one by which they might lose everything and would gain nothing. I happened to be in Savoy when the news of "Solferino" arrived, and can testify to the failure of the attempts to get up public rejoicings on the occasion. Little or nothing has been done for Savoy. The roads and improvements, which alone are wanted to bring the tide of Swiss tourists over every part of Savoy, have been left unattempted. The taxation of the country has been very heavy. The conscription, rendered necessary by the Austrian enmities of Sardinia, has impoverished further this barren and poverty-stricken country; while, to crown all, the visits of their sovereigns have, of late years, been few and far between. All these causes have weakened the loyalty of the Savoyards towards their Italian kings. Savoy is, even now, more of a feudal country, than perhaps any other west of Hungary. The nobles, who know that their influence and privileges would disappear under the system of French equality, dread annexation with France, and exert all their influence against it. Perhaps for the very same reason, the liberal middle class are in favour of the change. The priests, who have

great influence in Savoy, follow the cue of Rome, and hate VICTOR EMMANUEL as only a priest can hate. Under the rule of France, they have less fear of proselytism than under the free constitutional and parliamentary government of Sardinia. Their efforts, therefore, work in favour of the annexation. If the nation too, as I suspect, are influenced by the success of France, and by the wonderful progress which in every French town, however remote from Paris, is now going on under the magic rule of the Emperor, if, in fact, Savoy prefers to be an integral part of the great French nation, instead of a dependency of Sardinia—a sort of Cinderella, with Italy for a stepmother, I own I am more disposed towards sympathy than towards blame.

I much doubt whether the independence of Italy would be seriously threatened by the French possessing Savoy. The old belief of the extreme importance of balances of power and strategical positions is getting out of fashion. Railroads and telegraphs have altered all international relations. If the French want to invade Italy, and choose to march across the Alps, the fact that the territory for some score of miles on this side the Alps belongs to Italy, will not seriously impede them. The railroad from Paris to Marseilles brings them practically far nearer Italy, than the possession of all the valleys in Savoy. I own, on these grounds, that if it should be proved that the Savoyards are not unwilling for the change, I should view the annexation of Savoy to France without apprehension, and even with satisfaction.

About Nice, however, my feeling is entirely different. Nice is as Italian as Savoy is French. It may seem a fanciful remark, but I know whenever I travel southwards, I always feel that I am getting to Italy when I have passed Avignon; but travelling the other way, I do not feel that I have left Italy till long after I have crossed the French frontier. When I first knew Nice, some seventeen years ago, it was altogether an Italian town. It is true that the Italian spoken by the inhabitants was a very broken and harsh *patois*; but still they understood you if you spoke to them in Italian, while French proved utterly unintelligible. The climate, the vegetation, the features, and the habits of the inhabitants were all Italian. The names of the streets (*contrada*, as they used to call them,) were all Italian. On a late visit to Nice, I observed a great apparent increase of the French element. Nice has become a great French winter residence and watering place. There are French theatres, French newspapers, French cafés (I recollect, by the way, when a *café* was a novelty there), and French hotels. All the shopkeepers and carriage drivers and donkey boys, the classes whom strangers chiefly come across, speak French, and, in many instances, are French. The spread of railroads in France and the greater facilities for travelling have brought Nice far nearer Paris than it was before, while Genoa and Turin are as far off nearly as ever. Still a very few wanderings in the environs of Nice convinced me that the French varnish was a very superficial one, and that a mile or two from the town the country was as Italian as ever. Wherever the frontier is fixed, even if within five miles of Genoa itself, the vicinity of a great country such as France will always give a French tinge to the Italian side of the frontier line. Nice has got this tinge, but I think not more so than is inevitable. Nice is thoroughly Italian in its sympathies. The war excited greater enthusiasm there than I witnessed in any other part of Italy; possibly, I admit, because there was less danger in it to themselves. Nice is prosperous, well governed, contented, and could gain nothing by a change. If, as I trust and believe, Sardinia becomes the great Italian nation, "Nizza la Maritima" will be no insignificant or neglected province of united Italy. If Nice were even given over to France, there would still remain the same difficulty about the frontier as there is at present. The Var is certainly a very poor frontier, but then nature has forgotten to make a better. The maritime Alps, which run seaward to about due north of Nice, instead of continuing their southward course, turn eastwards, and run parallel to the coast. If these Alps were taken as the French frontier, the whole of the Riviera di Ponente, as far as Voltri, that is, within ten miles of Genoa, must be ceded. There are no navigable rivers that run into the sea between Marseilles and Genoa. The Var is as large a torrent as any of those that descend from the mountains to the coast. If, as I hear rumoured, the county of Nice were given to France, there is not the slightest superiority in the "Impera" torrent, which flows into the sea at Oneglia, and which would, I suppose, be the frontier line over the Var. In fact, if you are to arrange everything by geographical symmetry, you would give Cannes to Sardinia, and withdraw the French frontier to the ridge of the Estrelles. In a strategical point of view, too, though I attach little importance to this, Nice is very valuable to Sardinia. As long as Sardinia holds Nice she can pour troops into France, across the Cuneo pass, even if the Corniche coast-road were blockaded by a French fleet. However, in my mind, the most important reason of all is that Nice and the Riviera are Italian, and wish to remain Italian; while Savoy is French in nature, and would probably have no objection to becoming French by country. The difference between the two cases is so important a one in the whole discussion, that I have thought it worth while to trouble you with these remarks, even at the risk of telling you what you already know.

HANOVER, February 20th, 1860.

THE origin and general history of European races, not nations, must soon become the special study of English statesmen if not of the English public, for without a thorough knowledge—a knowledge not to be found in our national histories, received as such that is—as to how these tribal distinctions of Latins,

Teutons, Germans, Saxons, Slavonians, Scandinavians, Hungarians, &c., &c., arose and have been maintained, or rather called again into vogue, the present state of affairs on the Continent cannot possibly be comprehended, nor will the common run of Englishmen hold any clue to the causes and objects of the wars which are about to devastate the Continent of Europe. During the middle ages most wars were occasioned by the family claims and personal quarrels of princes, and a good herald was the best prime minister. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the sword was drawn to maintain or propagate some doctrine of religion, and then the better theologian the better politician. In the eighteenth century territorial aggrandisements and trading advantages, out of which sprang rights of man and liberty of a certain sort, were the chief aims of all belligerents, and a shrewd merchant and sophistical philosopher were the most advisable diplomatic delegates, as France, Holland, and Spain, after the acknowledged independence of the United States, discovered to their cost. Now-a-days a war on account of any religious doctrine would be impossible from the ridicule attaching to it. The Pope has not the atom of a chance; women and very old men are the only persons to be seen in churches on the Continent, unless from motives of curiosity. Colonial possessions are considered rather a burthen than a blessing, and would be defended simply for honour's sake. Nationalities, languages, complexions, and sympathies, these are the sources of the present agitation on the Continent, and these are the vanities which, encouraged thoughtlessly, or ignorantly, by the public press of all countries, must sooner or later spread misery over all Europe. This race, lingual, or national hatred it is which occasions the present troubles and dilemma of Austria in all her provinces. Thus we see that in proportion as the cause of Austria is becoming more popular in Germany, the opposition grows more violent in Hungary, Italy, and the Slavonic provinces. It is evident that the Slavonic races, as little as the Latin, will receive neither good nor bad from the hands of the Germans. Notwithstanding the amiable, peaceful character of these latter, they are, as a race, utterly detested by the Latins, Slavonians, and Scandinavians. The ground of this hatred must undoubtedly be sought in the German or Teutonic propaganda to which I have more than once alluded. I, for my part, believe that it has been called into existence chiefly by the vain boasting of German writers, who, like old Moritz Arndt, carried, and still do carry, their national or racial vanity so far as to assert that wisdom, virtue, honour, whatever in fact is great and good in the world, owes its origin to Germany. They have repeated so loudly, and so often, that the Teutonic races are the noblest, bravest, best, claiming, at the same time, with the most latitudinarian audacity, every great nation as Teutonic, that at last the attention of the students of the surrounding nations has been attracted. The consequence has ensued that might have been predicted: they are all up in arms against the Teutonic propaganda, and Latin, Scandinavian, and Slavonian writers are busy in plucking off the false plumes that Germany has been decorating herself with these thirty years past. Scandinavian and Slavonian literature is, however, non-existent to the people of France and England, and they cannot conceive the bitterness which these silly, childish, national vanities have given rise to. I have noticed with shame and fear that English writers, and more especially American writers, have lent themselves to this vanity. If they love their respective countries, let them, while observing the present condition of things on the Continent, cast back some centuries, and see whether our English ancestors knew or troubled themselves about their origin. "I am proud of my ancestors," says ROGER COKE, the first inculcator of free-trade principles, "because I have inherited from them liberty; and by my native country I mean not the pleasant and fertile soil of Britain, but the Constitutions and Laws of the English monarchy." Will imitators of Messrs. CARLYLE and EMERSON take the hint? I am induced to make the foregoing observations, seeing the very precarious condition of things in the Austrian provinces, the intrigues of the Russians, and the re-opening of the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel. For some time past there have been rumours of a grand fraternisation between Servians and Hungarians, and a correspondent at Prague writes that it has extended to the Bohemians. At present preliminary demonstrations are made at balls, parties, and in theatres. At one of the balls lately a quadrille was danced representing all the Slavonian nations in alliance with the Hungarians. The different parts of this quadrille are composed of Slavonian airs, intermingled with Hungarian melodies. At these demonstrations the guests appeared in their national costumes, and the ball-room was decorated with the national colours—Slavonia, Hungary, and Russia, as also with the busts of the ancient kings and dukes of Bohemia. The quadrille entitled "Slavjanska" concludes with the Russian national hymn. Since this ball the Austrian Government has prohibited the playing of national Hungarian and Slavonian airs. These demonstrations are becoming a custom abroad as well as at home wherever Russians and Slavonians meet. It is impossible to get at the intentions of the Government with regard to the so-called Protestant question of Hungary—really, the national question. One day it is reported and believed that the Government has withdrawn the obnoxious edict, and next day the Ministers are firmly resolved to maintain it. It is said that Count RECHBERG received the deputation with these words: "You will not gain your object here, neither in the Protestant question nor in the matter of the Hungarian Constitution. You are acting like rebels; you are seeking the overthrow of the monarchy, and in spite of your conservative asseverations, you want to partition it. We know you, and your sympathies with the foreign foes of the Emperor." It was to soften the impression made by these words

that the Emperor consented to receive, as private individuals, the members of the deputation; at least, so goes the story. The Provincial Assembly of Schleswig has voted an address to the King of Denmark, stating the grievances of the duchy. The following extract may be worthy of notice:—

"The Assembly is aware that in the opinion of many persons in Denmark the fusion of the duchy with the kingdom is necessary for their common weal. This view is altogether erroneous; on the contrary, the Assembly is justified in the assertion that the monarchy has for centuries enjoyed peace and well being without this fusion, rather perhaps in consequence of their separation, and of the union of the duchy with Holstein. This union is indispensable for the welfare and quiet of the duchies, and which union has been maintained and protected by your Majesty's predecessors during the space of 400 years, the conservation of which was guaranteed afresh by the Royal Patent of 28th January, 1848. This union of the two duchies has never led to any encroachment upon the prerogatives of the Crown, nor militated against the interests of the Danish nation. And as this union was in former times concluded and guaranteed by the free voice of the duchies, who chose their sovereign on condition that the agreement (alluding to the Capitulation entered into between CHRISTIAN I. of Denmark and the nobility of the then County of Holstein, in 1460), could be neither altered nor cancelled by the act of one party only, but by the consent of both sovereign and duchies. (It was cancelled in 1473 by the act of CHRISTIAN, when he obtained from the Emperor FREDERICK the third elevation of the county into a duchy.) We affirm that the representatives of the two duchies never consented to such an alteration in times past, and never will, we venture to assert, in times to come. The peace and quiet of the monarchy is threatened, because for many years past a party in the kingdom of Denmark has been pursuing the object of incorporating Schleswig with Denmark, and still employs, with the utmost energy, means to realize it. But these endeavours are those which prove pernicious to the monarchy as the last ten years have shown, for instead of bringing about a reconciliation of opposing nationalities, they have tended to rend the monarchy with intestine agitations and animosities of race. Considering these evils the Assembly of Schleswig feel it a duty to protest solemnly;

"1stly. Against the maintenance of the Edict of the 2nd October, 1855, (*Gesamtstaats Verfassung*) for Denmark and Schleswig, and against the legality of the resolutions relative to Schleswig: voted by the Supreme Council in its last session.

"2ndly. Against the legality of Articles 1 to 4 of the special constitution, upon which the Assembly was not consulted.

"3rdly. Against the legality of the Edict of 10th November, 1855, which arbitrarily restricts the privileges of the Assembly.

"4thly. Against every settlement of the relations between Schleswig and the other countries subject to the Danish sceptre, without the consent of the Assembly.

"5thly. Against all measures past or to come tending to sever the bonds which unite the duchy of Schleswig with Holstein."

This address was signed by twenty-six representatives—a majority of the Assembly.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

ON Wednesday, Feb. 22, the Queen held a Privy Council, at which the Right Hon. Wm. Hutt, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, was sworn in; and the Turkish Ambassador presented a letter from the Sultan.—On Thursday, Feb. 23, was held the second *levée* of the season at St. James's.

On Saturday, Feb. 18, the Southampton Chamber of Commerce pronounced in favour of the Commercial Treaty and the Budget. On the same day the Northern Reform Union adopted a petition in favour of their adoption; and the paper-makers and wholesale tea and sugar dealers sent deputations to Mr. Gladstone, expressing satisfaction at the measures.—On the same day the Irish and Scotch distillers sent a deputation to protest against the import of foreign spirit to the injury of the British distiller; and the wholesale stationers demanded a full allowance of drawback.—On Monday, Feb. 20, the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce, and a meeting of Manchester merchants and brokers, passed approving resolutions with some modifications.—On Tuesday, Feb. 21, a meeting of the wine trade at the London Tavern condemned the proposed alcoholic test, and asked for a uniform rate on all wines.—On the same day a meeting of the hop trade was held in Westminster, and a deputation appointed to point out grievances affecting them; the Marylebone Central Association passed favourable resolutions; the St. Pancras meeting was favourable to the Budget, but condemned the income-tax.

On Tuesday, Feb. 21, a public meeting of the citizens of Manchester, at which the Mayor presided, adopted a resolution and petition in favour of the treaty and Budget.—On Wednesday, Feb. 22, the men of Birmingham passed similar resolutions, but condemned the income-tax.—On the same day, at St. Martin's Hall, Mr. Ayrton, M.P. presided at a meeting of the Association for Repeal of Taxes on Knowledge; a resolution was passed, condemnatory of the obstructive nature of the excise duty.

On Tuesday, Feb. 21, was an Exeter Hall Meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association; the Earl of Shaftesbury presided and exhorted.—On the same night and next morning at St. James's Hall a second meeting was held to preach to the street-walkers at the

West End; twenty women agreed to go into reformatories.—On *Wednesday, Feb. 22*, the journeymen bakers held a meeting, and adopted resolutions condemning their night-work; Lords Shaftesbury and Ebury assisted.

On *Saturday, Feb. 18*, the Upper House of Convocation for the province of Canterbury passed a resolution in favour of Church-rates; both Houses then adjourned to the 7th of June.

On *Sunday, Feb. 19*, died Mr. Henry Drummond, many years M.P. for West Surrey, aged seventy-four.—On *Monday, Feb. 20*, Sir John Barker Mill, a baronet of great influence in Hampshire, died.

On *Saturday, Feb. 18*, at the Thatched House, Lord Elcho presided at a meeting held to encourage drill in the great public schools; the Provost of Eton and the Master of Winchester expressed their approval; General Evans also applauded.

On *Sunday, Feb. 19*, the American ship *Luna*, from Havre to New Orleans, was lost in the Channel; 122 persons are thought to be drowned. On the same day the steamship *Ondine*, from Dublin to London, came into collision with the brig *Heroine*; the former sunk; 30 lives are lost.—On *Monday, Feb. 20*, near Tottenham, on the Eastern Counties Railway, the tire of a wheel breaking upset a train; four men were killed and many more wounded.—On *Sunday, Feb. 19*, a fire at Horselydown consumed Bradford's cooorage, and partially destroyed twelve houses.

The Registrar-General's return of *Tuesday, Feb. 21*, shows a continuation of unhealthy weather; deaths 1,454, being 166 above the average, principally from bronchitis and pneumonia; births 1,880, being 174 above the average.

On *Wednesday, Feb. 22*, was tried the case of Cooper v. the Dial Newspaper Company for director's fees and salary as editor; verdict for defendants.—On the same day concluded the seven days' trial, Morgan v. London Dock Company, without a verdict, a juror being withdrawn.

On *Tuesday, Feb. 21*, arrived the Bombay mail of 25th Jan. The Wuzeree expedition is quite successful; on the 17th Jan. the submarine cable was successfully submerged between Kurrachee and Muscat.

On *Thursday, Feb. 23*, in Mincing-lane, the sugar market was quiet, and prices unaltered; in other produce good prices realized; cotton at Liverpool in moderate demand, sales 6000 bales; at Mark Lane the tone of the corn market firm, but very quiet.—On *Saturday, Feb. 18*, the Great Northern Railway Company declared various dividends according to stock, from 7 per cent. to 3 per cent.—On *Wednesday, Feb. 22*, the Southampton Dock Company declared a dividend of 4 per cent.—On *Thursday, Feb. 23*, Consols closed at 95, 95½ for money, 95½, 95½ for account. French, Three per Cent. Rentes, 68 fr. 30c.

FOREIGN.

On *Monday, Feb. 20*, the French Emperor assured M. Lesseps and the Duke of Albufera that negotiations with the English Cabinet were in progress, to remove the last obstacles to the Suez canal scheme.—On *Tuesday, Feb. 21*, a proposal was received by the French Government from Russia and Prussia, for a conference of the Five Powers.

On *Tuesday, Feb. 21*, an Imperial decree of the Emperor of Austria conceded to the Jews of his dominions the right of possessing real property and other privileges.—On *Wednesday, Feb. 22*, Prince Metternich remitted to M. Thouvenel, at Paris, the answer of Austria to the English proposals, and regretting that Austria cannot accept them as a basis for negotiation.

On *Sunday, Feb. 19*, a deputation of English Catholics presented an address to the Pope, at Rome.—On *Tuesday, Feb. 21*, the Electoral Committee of Tuscany recommended annexation to Piedmont, as the only policy to be adopted.—On *Tuesday, Feb. 14*, a report at Naples was, that a Carbonaro conspiracy had been discovered against Napoleon III.

On *Wednesday, Feb. 15*, the *Espana* published the terms on which peace is to be made by Spain with Morocco—permanent occupation of forty leagues of territory by Spain, and payment of five millions sterling by Morocco.

On *Tuesday, Feb. 21*, arrived news from Hong Kong to Dec. 30; there was a scarcity of rice and great distress amongst the natives. In Japan trade is suspended between English and Japanese, in consequence of the misconduct of Europeans.

On *Wednesday, Feb. 22*, arrived the American mail; a gale on the 9th Feb., at New York, destroyed the bridges to Jersey, the city ferry, and the Catholic Orphan Asylum.—On the same day the news arrived that fifty houses had been burnt at Valparaiso. At Bogota the Catholic clergy collected the Bibles distributed by the London Bible Society and burnt them in the great square.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

MANAGERS have wisely refrained from the intrusion of novelties during the last few days of political excitement. We have then little important to chronicle in the way of theatricals, save the re-appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan at the ADOLPHI, in "Still Waters run Deep," on Monday last. That jewel of a farce "the Bengal Tiger" is also in Mr. Webster's bill for the week. Her Majesty heard "Dinorah" in its entirety for the first time on Tuesday evening at COVENT GARDEN. We are not able, we fear, in our present impression to speak of "Lurline," the new Opera by Vincent Wallace, which was performed on Thursday night. On the same

night, too, was given at the HAYMARKET a new comedy by Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled "The Overland Route," both of which we shall of course notice hereafter. Her Majesty honoured Mr. Buckstone on Saturday last by "commanding" the lachrymose "Stranger," having a desire to witness Miss Amy Sedgwick's excellent performance of *Mrs. Haller*. Mr. Phelps at SADLER'S WELLS has revived "A New Way to pay Old Debts," with an excellent cast, headed by himself, of course, as *Sir Giles Overreach*. At the CRYSTAL PALACE we welcome the first symptoms of Spring at Sydenham—the new series of operatic concerts, and the return of the Piccolomini from Italy. The pet vocalist was warmly received on Saturday by a crowded audience, and sang in no less than six compositions of the Italian School, assisted by Signor Aldighieri, the talented young baritone of last season, and Signor Belart. At this day's concert Miss Parepa is to be the great attraction. We must not omit to notice the effect produced at the Palace on recent occasions by the crowds of volunteers in uniform who seek the grounds for practice, and contribute to fill up the winter landscape by their presence, and add their bands to the other attractions of the place.

It is announced definitely that Lord Ward has arranged with Mr. E. T. Smith of Drury Lane Theatre for the opening this year of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. We should not be surprised were Mr. Benedict to be somehow connected with the enterprise, which is no light one. The second set of Monday Popular Concerts for 1860, opens at ST. JAMES'S HALL on Monday. The works selected are all from the Italian masters. The first concert for the season of the MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON is on Wednesday next, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon. The programme numbers several highly scientific and interesting works.

A new series of the elegant Entertainments at the DUDLEY GALLERY, EGYPTIAN HALL, by the London Glee and Madrigal Union is announced to commence on Monday next, February 27th; they are to be given every morning, and on Monday and Friday evenings, and will be, as before, under the direction of Mr. Land.

PARLIAMENT.

THE important announcement was on Friday made in the House of Lords by Earl GRANVILLE, "that the French Emperor had informed the British Government, if Sardinia should annex Central Italy, France would deem it necessary to annex some part of Savoy." The Endowed Schools Bills then came under discussion, previously, however, to which Lord ST. LEONARDS said he "could not agree to that portion of the Bill which gave power to Dissenters to participate in endowed trusts where they had not previously enjoyed that advantage." The Bill, with the exception of the seventh clause, passed through committee. The first party conflict was brought to an issue on Monday. The CHIEF of the OPPOSITION raised the question by asking the Government in what sense Parliament was to take the 20th Article of the French Treaty, which declared that the treaty would only become valid with the consent of Parliament? It was, however, clearly understood that the arena in which the real combat was to take place was the Lower House. The Earl of DERBY placed his opposition to the treaty on the ground that it had been carried out contrary to precedent. Earl GRANVILLE adroitly met this objection by stating that the Pitt treaty with France, relied on by the noble Earl, was only a treaty between England and France; whereas the recent treaty involved provisions which extended to the whole commercial world. This distinction, he contended, made all the difference in the two cases. EARL GREY, differing from both sides, but more inclining to the DERBY view of the issue that had been raised, regretted that Government had not more closely copied the precedent set by Mr. PITT in his treaty with France. The Duke of ARGYLE was put up to reply to the noble Earl, and he met his objections by the assertion that present circumstances made it impossible to place exactly in its course the PITT precedent. The Government had adopted the best course open to it, and that course, he contended, was perfectly constitutional. No desire being evinced by their Lordships to test the strength of each party further, the *pro forma* motion of Lord DERBY was withdrawn. Some discussion arose on Tuesday with reference to the constitution of Tasmania, which, it appeared from the remarks of Lord DERBY, the Duke of NEWCASTLE, and Earl GREY, had not worked as desirably in all respects as could be wished. On a motion by Lord SELKIRK for papers relative to China, the Earl of ELGIN entered into an explanation of his official doings in China, and pretty plainly hinted that had he been supported cordially by the admiral on the station, the present Chinese imbroglio might possibly have never occurred. Friday, the ministerial night, appears to be now regarded as the night of questions. Mr. LAING intimated that "time bargains," or gambling in the funds was illegal, but as the act applying to the transactions was practically a dead letter, and as the penny stamp was to apply to all Stock Exchange transactions, something effectual would be done to alter the present law. Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to Mr. BENTINCK, stated that no understanding had been come to with the French Emperor, in the event of the commercial treaty being rejected by Parliament. A large number of small questions and statements, on the subject of Rifle Corps, militia, consolidation of the Statute Law; the propagation of infectious diseases through the agency of cabs and other public vehicles; removal of the India House; forgery of trade marks—were disposed of, after which the question of the French Treaty was again renewed by Mr. STIRLING, who objected to a commercial treaty being entered into with France, when more constitutional means for attaining the same object were open to the high contracting parties. Lord J. RUSSELL would reply next week to this part of the case, and then mentioned the reassuring circumstance that the French Emperor had just declared that unless the people of Savoy desired annexation with France, he should not think of such a measure. After a good deal of discussion in reference to this treaty, which appears to be the *bête noir* of the Opposition, Col. P. HERBERT pointed out the inconvenience which would arise in case of war with France, if the 11th Article, which bound England to permit the exportation of coal, were enforced. Sir H. CAIRNS remarked that it appeared to him the Ministers had advised HER MAJESTY to exceed her prerogative in concluding this treaty. The subject at last was suffered to drop, and the House went into a Committee of Supply on the army estimates. Mr. S. HERBERT, in a long and elaborate speech,

demonstrated the necessity for the increased amount of the estimates, and the increased strength of the army. The estimates, he admitted, were very large, but the augmentation had arisen from the necessity of raising the army to 143,362 men, and 94,490 men for India. These numbers would show an increase of 20,000 men. With regard to the expenses, the increase was mainly owing to the necessity of supplying the army with more scientific weapons. The various statements and propositions of the right hon. gentleman underwent criticism at various hands, amongst whom were Mr. W. WILLIAMS, Sir J. FERGUSSON, Mr. HORSMAN, and particularly Sir R. PEEL, who, in an amusing speech, burlesqued the Rifle Corps movement. The vote for the men was agreed to; the vote for the money, £4,499,000, was adjourned for further discussion, owing to the lateness of the hour. A preliminary hostile shot was fired into the Ministerial camp by Mr. DU CANE, who put on the books notice of motion for the following Monday relative to the Commercial Treaty. The opportunity, however, was believed to be favourable for a pitched battle, and not a mere skirmish of outposts, and therefore Mr. DISRAELI suddenly interposed another motion, the ostensible effect of which was to decide the constitutional character of the proceedings which led to the treaty, but really to displace Government should the vote be an adverse one for the Ministry. The "whip" having been used on both sides, on Monday the rhetorical champions, backed by their supporters, stood face to face, evidently with the determination that it should be a real and not a sham contest. Mr. DISRAELI, who manifestly appeared to conceive that his case and argument were stronger than the event proved, in a grave and emphatic manner contended that the completion of this treaty was against precedent; the treaty, without going into its merits, he contended, was devised to silence the voice of one branch of the Legislature, and to destroy an important portion of the privileges of the other. He would attribute the circumstance to "inadvertence;" and, as it could be done without the sacrifice of either honour or dignity, he called upon Government to repair their error. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in one of his happiest efforts, seized at once on the salient points of Mr. DISRAELI's arguments, and replied on them with crushing effect. The precedent set by Mr. PITT had been followed in spirit though not to the letter; the deviation having arisen from the dissimilarity of circumstances, Mr. PITT's treaty having reference solely to commercial relations with France, the present treaty having, in addition, reference to commercial relations with all the world. Sir H. CAIRNS insisted on this point that the Treaty and the Budget must be considered together, there being propositions in the Budget which could not be understood unless the Treaty was first legitimately before the House. Sir F. KELLY considered that provision ought to have been made in the Treaty for any modifications Parliament might choose to make in any of its articles. Mr. NEWDEGATE considered that the House had been entrapped; but he believed a few hours' delay would help to set matters right. Mr. AYTON supported Mr. DISRAELI, arguing that the various interests affected by the treaty had a right to be heard before the House definitively committed itself to the Budget. Mr. MALINS, Mr. FITZGERALD, and Mr. HORSMAN followed on the same side, the latter hon. gentleman declaring that the treaty was framed in a spirit injurious to the true interests of England, and with an amount of secrecy that showed there was something in the whole transaction which would not bear the light. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL considered the point raised by Mr. DISRAELI was puerile in character. Mr. BRIGHT defended the Ministry, and challenged the Opposition to come forward boldly and avow the real motive they had for this attack on the treaty and on Government. Lord J. RUSSELL asserted that the ministry had adopted the best and the most constitutional course open to them. He agreed with the sentiments expressed by Mr. BRIGHT on the subject of this attempt of the Opposition to embarrass Government. Lord PALMERSTON considered that the ostensible object of the right hon. gentleman Mr. DISRAELI was unconstitutional, and if adopted would furnish a dangerous precedent. He was quite prepared to take the sense of the House on the issue raised by the right hon. gentleman and his party motion. The House divided, and the numbers were 293 to 230, showing a majority for Government of 63. So far the political fighting has been in favour of Government; the majority was larger than anticipated; but it must not be inferred that the Government or the Budget are quite out of danger, as the assault of Monday can only be regarded as the first of a series, all having the same ultimate purpose.—Tuesday was memorable for the second organized assault on the Palmerstonian Cabinet; of course, through the convenient agency of the Treaty and Budget. Mr. DU CANE brought forward a resolution, to the effect that "the House of Commons was not disposed to diminish revenue by doing away with certain duties, nor prepared to disappoint the just expectation of the country by continuing and increasing the income tax." Mr. DU CANE's speech in support of his motion was well conceived, and cleverly put together. He criticised the Budget, objected to principles and details, and concluded by declaring that, in his opinion, the Budget was based on a one-sided and uncalculated-for commercial purpose, and that the treaty was neither a free trade nor a reciprocity treaty. Mr. GOWER defended Budget and Treaty. Lord R. MONTAGUE thought the House could never consent to pay an additional income tax as the price of such a politically-faulty treaty. Mr. BAXTER considered that the Budget was the very best since the time of Sir R. PEEL. Mr. DONOVAN believed the treaty was politically wrong, but commercially right. Mr. LITTLE would accept the treaty, as it was the best means of conciliating and drawing the bonds of friendship closer with France. Mr. CROSSLEY observed that his constituents were perfectly satisfied with treaty and Budget. Mr. HENNESSY brought in something about Ireland, which constituted, in his eyes, another "grievance." Mr. DUFF supported the treaty. Sir S. NORTHCOTE thought the treaty and Budget were gold, but even gold might be bought too dear, and he was afraid that was the present case. Mr. AYTON approved generally of Budget and treaty. The debate was adjourned.—The Public Improvements Bill was one of the most important features of the Wednesday discussion. Mr. WALTER did not disapprove of the object of Mr. SLANEY, the hon. member who introduced the measure; but as the Bill would enable magistrates to tax minorities, who might be opposed to the creation of public parks, &c., he could not give it his entire approbation. Mr. S. CAVE approved the principle of permitting the majority to tax the minority. Mr. HENLEY considered the Bill

required grave consideration, as it would add to the local rates and stir up strife in parishes. After some further remarks Mr. SLANEY agreed to amend his Bill, and proceed with it in about a fortnight. The Window Cleaning Bill occasioned a good deal of rather sharp debate; Sir F. GOLDSMID objected to the heavy penalty for allowing a servant even to sit on the sill of a window which the Bill inflicted. Mr. JAMES considered some of the provisions utterly preposterous. Sir H. BERKELEY hoped the House would not sanction the second reading of this foolish and vexatious Bill. Mr. PACE, Sir C. BURRELL, Sir G. PECHILL were in favour of the Bill, but it was negatived without a division. Mr. MELLOR moved the second reading of the Election Petition Act Amendment Bill. Mr. JAMES approved of the Bill, but thought it ought to be referred to a select committee for amendment. Sir G. C. LEWIS approved of the suggestion, and so did Sir F. KELLY. Mr. MELLOR carried the second reading, but the further debate as to sending it before a select committee was by consent postponed to a future day. On Thursday, the Earl of MALMESBURY complained of the vandalism (or worse) which has permitted the destruction of many of the noble trees in the New Forest. The Duke of SOMERSET promised that the matter should be inquired into. The consideration of the Statute Law proceeds by slow degrees, and the Lord CHANCELLOR moved the second reading of a series of bills to that end. In the Commons a great number of questions upon various subjects (for the most part of minor importance) were put to the ministers; the Budget and Commercial Treaty supplying the text for Mr. BASIL WOOD on the wine duties, Sir JOHN PAXTON on silk, Major KNOX on foreign spirits, and Mr. WYLD on eating-houses. The important business of the evening was the resumption of the adjourned debate on the Customs Act, which was not closed when we left the House.

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